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OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL and CRITICAL PREFACES.

BY

DR AIKIN.

in Ten Volumes. VOL. IX.



L O N D O N.

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, an eminent poet, and a miscellaneous writer, was born in 1729, according to one account, at Elphin; according to another, at Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland. From his father, who was a clergyman, he received a literary education, and was sent at an early period to Dublin College. Thence he was removed as a medical student to the University of Edinburgh, where he continued from 1751 to the beginning of 1754. From the slight tincture of science which he seems to have acquired, it is probable that he paid little attention to the studies of the place; and his necessity for quitting Edinburgh to avoid paying a debt, said to have been contracted by a fellow-student, augurs but little for his moral character. With these unfavourable beginnings, in the midst of penury, he resolved to indulge his curiosity in a visit to the continent of Europe; and after a long ramble, and various fortune, he found means to get back to England in 1758. For a considerable time he supported himself by his pen, in an obscure situation, when, in 1765, he suddenly blazed out as

a poet, in his "Traveller; or, A Prospect of Society." It was at the instigation of Dr. Johnson that he enlarged this piece, and finished it for publication; and that eminent critic liberally and justly said of it, that "there had not been so fine a poem since Pope's time." It was equally well received by the public; and conferred upon Goldsmith a celebrity which introduced him to some of the most distinguished literary characters of the time.

The poet continued to pursue his career, and in 1766 was published his novel of the "Vicar of Wakefield," which was received with deserved applause, and has ever since borne a distinguished rank among similar compositions. Some of his most pleasing and successful works in prose were given to the world about this time; and he paid his respects to the Theatre, by a comedy entitled "The Good-Natured Man," acted at Covent-Garden in 1768, which, however, defects of plot, and ignorance of dramatic effect, rendered not very successful. His poetical fame reached its summit in 1770, by the publication of "The Deserted Village," a delightful piece, which obtained general admiration. The price offered by the bookseller, amounting to nearly five shillings a couplet, appeared to Goldsmith so enormous, that he at first refused to take it, but the sale of the poem convinced him that he might fairly appropriate to himself that sum out of the profits. In 1772 he produced another comedy, entitled "She Stoops to Conquer; or, The Mistakes of a Night;" and though in character and plot it made a near approach to farce, yet such

were its comic powers that the audience received it with uncommon favour. Although this was a gainful year to him, yet thoughtless profusion, and a habit of gaming, left him at its close considerably in debt. In the two succeeding years he supplied the booksellers with a "Grecian History," and "A History of the Earth and Animated Nature," the last chiefly taken from Buffon. He had planned some other works, but these were cut off by his untimely death. In March 1774 he was attacked with the symptoms of a low fever; and having taken, upon his own judgment, an over-dose of a powerful medicine, he sunk under the disease, or the remedy, and died on the tenth day, April 4th. He was buried, with little attendance, in the Temple Church; but a monument has since been raised to his memory, with a Latin inscription by Dr. Johnson.

Goldsmith was a man of little correctness either in his conduct or his opinions, and is rather admired for his genius, and beloved for his benevolence, than solidly esteemed. The best part of his character was a warmth of sensibility, which made him ready to share his purse with the indigent, and in his writings rendered him the constant advocate of the poor and oppressed. The worst feature was a malignant envy and jealousy of successful rivals, which he often displayed in a manner not less ridiculous than offensive. He was one of those who are happier in the use of the pen than the tongue; his conversation being generally confused, and not seldom absurd; so that the wits with whom he kept

company seem rather to have made him their butt, than to have listened to him as an equal. Yet, perhaps, no writer of his time was possessed of more true humour, or was capable of more poignancy in marking the foibles of individuals. This talent he has displayed in a very amusing manner in his unfinished poem of "Retaliation," written as a kind of retort to the jocular attacks made upon him in the *Literary Club*. Under the mask of Epitaphs, he has given masterly sketches of some of the principal members, with a mixture of serious praise and good-humoured raillery. It may indeed be said that the latter sometimes verges into tartness, which is particularly the case with his delineation of Garrick.

On the whole, his literary fame must be considered as rising the highest in the character of a poet, for it would be difficult, in the compass of English verse, to find pieces which are read with more gratification than his Traveller and his Deserted Village. There are, besides, his elegant ballad of The Hermit, his stanzas on Woman, and some short humorous and miscellaneous pieces, which are never without interest.

THE TRAVELLER:

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee :
 Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
 Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire ;
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair ;
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care ;
 Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;

My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind. [crown'd,
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine ;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still ;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, [plies ;
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man sup-
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,

Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease :
The naked Negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
As diff'rent good, by Art or Nature giv'n
To diff'rent nations, makes their blessings ev'n.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent ;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content :
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails ;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails,

Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone :
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
Here for awhile, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in diff'rent climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.

In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs ; not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state ;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies ;
The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form :
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave :
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade :
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child :
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;

While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes, where Cesars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
'The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword :
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May :
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep ;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her board,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board ;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd :
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd :
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest :
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.

Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run ;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons caw'ring on the nest :
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn ; and France displays her bright domain :
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire !
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew :
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze ;

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here :
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land :
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year :
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,

And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth
 imparts

Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heav'ns! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide ;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray ;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind ;
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great ;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by ;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control ;
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man. [here,
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy ;
But foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy ;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd ;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore ;
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay.
As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great :
Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire !
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun ;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure !
I only would repress them to secure ;
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil ;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each,
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms :

But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own ;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r ;
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste ?
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main :
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound ?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways ;
While beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim ;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows ?
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
 Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd :
 Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please :
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
 How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made !
 How often have I bless'd the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree :
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd ;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And slights of art and feats of strength went round ;
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;

The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
these

With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade:
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:

His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose ;
And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has giv'n my share —
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;

And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep ;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heav'n commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school :
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled :
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn :
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
won. [glow,

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt, at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all :
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran :
Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile ;

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress :

To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav'n.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school :
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'T was certain he could write and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring
 sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round ;
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel,
gay ;

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall !
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;

The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'T is yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and bounds ;

The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their
growth ;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies :
For all the luxuries the world supplies :
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
But when those charms are past, for charms are
frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress :
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave !

Where, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped — What waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp
display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way ;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy ! [eyes
Are these thy serious thoughts ? — Ah, turn thine
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies :
She, once perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
show'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?

E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around :
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heav'n ! what sorrows gloom'd that part-
ing day,
That call'd them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their
last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main ;

And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep,
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curs'd by heav'n's decree,
How ill exchange'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,

Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade !
Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame,
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well ;
Farewell ! and O ! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him that states, of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HERMIT

A BALLAD.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow ;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dang'rous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn :
Taught by that Pow'r that pities me,
I learn to pity them :

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from Heav’n descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir’d a master’s care ;
The wicket, op’ning with a latch,
Receiv’d the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their ev’ning rest,
The hermit trimm’d his little fire,
And cheer’d his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil’d ;
And, skill’d in legendary lore,
The ling’ring hours beguil’d.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrup in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With ans'ring care opprest :
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
" The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluciant dost thou rove ;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling things than they.

" And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep ?

" And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest :
On Earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,” he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpris’d he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o’er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confest,
A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d ;
“ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
Where Heav’n and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber’d suitors came,
Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign’d a flame.

“ Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove ;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

“ In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or pow'r had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

“ And when, beside me in the dale,
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

“ The blossom op'ning to the day,
The dews of Heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

“ The daw, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his ; but, woe to me,
Th' inconstancy was mine !

“ For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

“ Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret, where he dy'd.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

" And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;
'T was so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heav'n !" the hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide, —
'T was Edwin's self that prest.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign :
And shall we never, never part,
My life — my all that's mine ?

" No, never, from this hour to part,
We 'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

Or old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united. [fish.

If our landlord* supplies us with beef and with
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the
best dish :

Our dean† shall be ven'son, just fresh from the plains ;
Our Burke‡ shall be tongue, with the garnish of
brains :

Our Will § shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour ;
And Dick || with his pepper shall heighten the sa-
vour : [obtain :

Our Cumberland's¶ sweet-bread its place shall
And Douglas ** is pudding, substantial and plain :

* The master of St. James's coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterised in this Poem, occasionally dined.

† Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland.

† Mr. Edmund Burke.

§ Mr. William Burke, Secretary to General Conway, and Member for Bedwin.

|| **Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Grenada.**

¶ Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, *The Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

**** Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, who no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.**

Our Garrick's * a salad ; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am
 That Ridge † is anchovy, and Reynolds ‡ is lamb ;
 That Hickey's § a capon ; and, by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
 mirth ;

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least in six weeks I could not find them out ;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
 such,

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind ;

* David Garrick, Esq.

† Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

‡ Sir Joshua Reynolds

§ An eminent attorney.

Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat

To persuade Tommy Townshend * to lend him a
vote;

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on re-
fining, [dining;

And thought of convincing, while they thought of
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;

Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;

For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;

And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.

In short, 't was his fate, unemploy'd, or in place,
sir,

To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a
mint, [in 't;

While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;

Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,

The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;

Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;

What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his
own. (sigh at;

Here lies honest Richard †, whose fate I must
Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet:

* Mr. T. Townshend, Member for Whitchurch.

† Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having
slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at dif-
ferent times, the Doctor has rallied him on those
accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for break-
ing his jests upon other people.

What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb !
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball !
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all !
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old Nick ;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
A flatt'ring painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine :
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud ;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings, alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant re-
clines :

When satire and censure encircled his throne ;
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own :

But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds * shall be pious, our Kenricks † shall
lecture ;

Macpherson ‡ write bombast, and call it a style ;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
over,

No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the
dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man :
As an actor, confest without rival to shine ;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line !
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings — a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
'T was only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day :
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick :

* The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

† Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil
Tavern, under the title of The School of Shak-
speare.

‡ James Macpherson, Esq. who, from the mere
force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all
antiquity.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them
back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys *, and Woodfalls † so
grave,

What a commerce was yours, while you got and
you gave !

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
rais'd, [prais'd !

While he was be-Roscious'd, and you were be-

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,

To act as an angel and mix with the skies :

Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill

Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will :

Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant
creature,

And slander itself must allow him good-nature :

* Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*,
A Word to the Wise, *Clementina*, *School for Wives*,
&c. &c.

† Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper :
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser :
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that :
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest ? Ah, no ! [ye, —
Then what was his failing ? come, tell it, and burn
He was, could he help it ? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind :
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of
hearing ; [and stuff,
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios,
He shifted his trumpet *, and only took snuff.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray.
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away?

• Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom — is, to die.

SONG.

O MEMORY ! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain ;

Thou, like the world, th' oppress oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe !
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, a writer of great eminence, was born in 1709 at Litchfield, in which city his father was a petty bookseller. After a desultory course of school-education, it was proposed to him, by Mr. Corbet, a neighbouring gentleman, that he should accompany his own son to Oxford as his companion ; accordingly, in his nineteenth year, he was elected a commoner of Pembroke college. From young Corbet's departure, he was left to struggle with penury till he had completed a residence of three years, when he quitted Oxford without taking a degree. His father died, in very narrow circumstances, soon after his return from the university ; and for some time he attempted to gain a maintenance by some literary projects. At length, in 1735, he thought proper to marry a widow twice his own age, and far from attractive, either in her person or manners. By the aid of her fortune he was enabled to set up a school for instruction in Latin and Greek, but the plan did not succeed ; and after a year's experiment, he resolved to try his fortune in the great metropolis. Garrick, afterwards the celebrated actor, had been one of his pupils, accom-

panied by whom he arrived in London ; Johnson having in his pocket his unfinished tragedy of Irene.

The first notice which he drew from the judges of literary merit, was by the publication of " London, a Poem," in imitation of Juvenal's third satire. The manly vigour, and strong painting of this performance, placed it high among works of its kind, though it must be allowed, that its censure is coarse and exaggerated, and that it ranks rather as a party, than as a moral poem. It was published in 1738. For some years Johnson is chiefly to be traced in the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine, then conducted by Cave ; and it was for this work that he gratified the public with some extraordinary pieces of eloquence which he composed under the disguise of debates in the senate of Liliput, meaning the British parliament. He likewise wrote various biographical articles for the same miscellany, of which the principal and most admired was " The Life of Savage."

The plan of his English Dictionary was laid before the public in a letter addressed to Lord Chesterfield in 1747. In the same year he furnished Garrick with a prologue on the opening of Drury-lane theatre, which in sense and poetry has not a competitor among compositions of this class, excepting Pope's prologue to Cato. Another imitation of Juvenal, entitled " The Vanity of Human Wishes," was printed in 1749, and may be said to reach the sublime of ethical poetry, and to stand at the head of classical imitations. The same year, under the auspices of Garrick, brought on the

stage of Drury-lane his tragedy of "Irene." It ran thirteen nights, but has never since appeared on the theatre: Johnson, in fact, found that he was not formed to excel on the stage, and made no further trials.

His periodical paper, entitled "The Rambler," appeared in March 1750, and was continued till March 1752. The solemnity of this paper prevented it at first from attaining an extensive circulation; but after it was collected into volumes, it continually rose in the public esteem, and the author had the satisfaction of seeing a tenth edition. The "Adventurer," conducted by Dr. Hawksworth, succeeded the Rambler, and Johnson contributed several papers of his own writing. In 1755, the first edition of his "Dictionary" made its appearance. It was received by the public with general applause, and its author was ranked among the greatest benefactors of his native tongue. Modern accuracy, however, has given an insight into its defects; and though it still stands as the capital work of the kind in the language, its authority as a standard is somewhat depreciated. Upon the last illness of his aged mother, in 1759, for the purpose of paying her a visit, and defraying the expense of her funeral, he wrote his romance of "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," one of his most splendid performances, elegant in language, rich in imagery, and weighty in sentiment. Its views of human life are, indeed, deeply tinged with the gloom that overshadowed the author's mind; nor can it be praised for moral effect.

Soon after the accession of the late king, a grant of a pension of 300*l.* per annum was made him by His Majesty during the ministry of Lord Bute. A short struggle of repugnance to accept a favour from the House of Hanover was overcome by a sense of the honour and substantial benefit conferred by it, and he became that character, a *pensioner*, on which he had bestowed a sarcastic definition in his Dictionary. Much obloquy attended this circumstance of his life, which was enhanced when he published in several of his productions, arguments which seemed directly to oppose the rising spirit of liberty.

A long-promised edition of Shakspeare appeared in 1765; but though ushered in by a preface written with all the powers of his masterly pen, the edition itself disappointed those who expected much from his ability to elucidate the obscurities of the great dramatist. A tour to the Western Islands of Scotland in 1773, in which he was attended by his enthusiastic admirer and obsequious friend, James Boswell, Esq. was a remarkable incident of his life, considering that a strong antipathy to the natives of that country had long been conspicuous in his conversation. But when, two years afterwards, he published the account of his tour, under the title of "A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," more candour and impartiality were found in it, than had been expected. In 1775, he was gratified, through the interest of Lord North, with the degree of Doctor of Laws, from the University of Oxford. He had some years before received the same honour

from Dublin, but did not then choose to assume the title. His last literary undertaking was the consequence of a request from the London booksellers, who had engaged in an edition of the principal English poets, and wished to prefix to each a biographical and critical preface from his hand. This he undertook ; and though he will generally be thought to have laboured under strong prejudices in composing the work, its style will be found, in great measure, free from the stiffness and turgidity which marked his earlier compositions.

The concluding portion of Dr. Johnson's life was saddened by a progressive decline of health, and by the prospect of approaching death, which neither his religion nor his philosophy had taught him to bear with even decent composure. A paralytic stroke first gave the alarm ; asthma, and dropsical symptoms, followed ; and such was the tenacity with which he clung to life, that he expressed a great desire to seek for amendment in the climate of Italy. Still unable to reconcile himself to the thought of dying, he said to the surgeon who was making slight scarifications in his swollen legs, " Deeper ! deeper ! I want length of life, and you are afraid of giving me pain, which I do not value." The closing scene took place on December 13. 1785, in the 76th year of his age. His remains, attended by a respectable concourse of friends, were interred in Westminster Abbey ; and a monumental statue has since been placed to his memory in St. Paul's cathedral. His works were published collectively in eleven volumes, 8vo., with

a copious life of the author, by Sir John Hawkins. A new edition, in twelve volumes, with a life, was given by Arthur Murphy. Of the conversations, and oral dictates of Johnson, a most copious collection has been published in the very entertaining volumes of Mr. Boswell. Upon the whole, it may be said, that at the time of his death, he was undoubtedly the most conspicuous literary character of his country.

LONDON:

A POEM.

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

— Quis ineptæ

Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se? Juv.

THO' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
 When injur'd Thales bids the town farewell,
 Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
 I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
 Resolv'd at length from vice and London far
 To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
 And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
 Give to St. David one true Briton more.

For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
 Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,
 But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay:

Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks, in silent thought, we stood
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood ;
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza * birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth ;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view ;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring town.

Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days
Wants even the cheap reward of empty praise ;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less ;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins ;

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
 Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;
 Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
 Some peaceful vale with Nature's paintings gay ;
 Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
 And safe in poverty defy'd his foes ;
 Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give,
 Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.
 Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
 And plead for pirates in the face of day ;
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
 Collect a tax, or farm a lottery ;
 With warbling eunuchs fill our silenc'd stage,
 And lull to servitude a thoughtless age. [hold ?

Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride shall
 What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold ?
 Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
 Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
 When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heaven :
 But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?
 Who scarce forbear, tho' Britain's court he sing,
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ;
 A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
 And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer ;
 Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
 And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.

Others with softer smiles, and subtle art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away :
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see !
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me !
London ! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome ;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

Illustrious Edward ! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey ;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace ;
But, lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau ;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel :
 Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
 Their air, their dress, their politics, import ;
 Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
 They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a
 clap :

All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
 And, bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.

Ah ! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
 I drew the breath of life in English air ;
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
 And lisp the tale of Henry's victories ;
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
 And flattery prevails when arms are vain ?

Studious to please, and ready to submit ;
 The supple Gaul was born a parasite :
 Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
 Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows :
 In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
 From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
 These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
 Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
 And get a kick for awkward flattery.

Besides, with justice, this discerning age
 Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage :

Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
 Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;
 Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
 Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;

With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye ;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear ;
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ;
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile :
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore ;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear .
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast ;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart ;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke ;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore ?
No secret island in the boundless main ?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain ?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd :
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold :
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord. [cries

But hark ! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies :
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and
pow'r,

Some pompous palace or some blissful bower,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light ;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little all to flames a prey ;
Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home ?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth
confound,

And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies ;
The laureat tribe in venal verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate ;

With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See ! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome ;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore ;
And raise his treasures higher than before :
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.

Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat ;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand ;
There prune thy walk, support thy drooping
flowers,

Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers ;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord :
There ev'ry bush with Nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings ;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay ;
Lords of the street and terrours of the way ;

Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose;
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land,
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.

A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice, then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring calls me from the land: [spent,
Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And, tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warns't succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good ;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant
voice ;

How nations sink by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art ;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ;
Wide wasting pest ! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind :
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;

VOL. IX.

G

Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee ? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy ;
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once more, Democritus, arise on Earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest :
Thou who could'st laugh, where want enchain'd
caprice,

Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd ;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;

Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;
How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe ?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe :
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind ;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more ;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies ;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place ;
And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold ;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine :
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance
rings,

Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs con-
sign,

Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize:
At length his sov'reign frowns — the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine ?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below.

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd ?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign.

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown :
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion * trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views ? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day ;

* There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it. To prevent so shocking an accident, it was pulled down many years since.

Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee :
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise ;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glittering eminence exempt from foes ;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent :
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block :
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail

Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Roman shook the world ;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name ; [gret,
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths re-
From age to age in everlasting debt ;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign ;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
vain ;

" Think nothing gain'd," he cries, " till nought
remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost ;

He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ; —
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day :
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way ;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more ;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still be-
stow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe ;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway :
Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful
 charms.

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war ;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom ;
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

“ Enlarge my life with multitude of days !”

In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays :
Hides from himself its state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy :
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r ;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more ;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :
No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near ;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;

But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece, and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear :
The watchful guests still hint the last offence ;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers ;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend :
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings ;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear ;

Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprize,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise !
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face ;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise ;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night ;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart ; [save,
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls ;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry rein,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain,

In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd :
To Int'rest, Prudence ; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
Inquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice :
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r ;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat :
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to
gain ;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, AT THE OPENING OF THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose ;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule ;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach assail'd the heart :
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could
praise.

A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long :

Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd ;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd whilst Passion slept ;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit ;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage ?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store ;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride :
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance ?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet * may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah ! let not Censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice ;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage ; Mahomet, a rope-dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre the winter before, said to be a Turk.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
 As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;
 'T is yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
 Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense ;
 To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
 For useful mirth and salutary woe ;
 Bid sconeic Virtue form the rising age,
 And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET,

A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
 See Levet to the grave descend,
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind ;
 Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
 And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow
 His vig'rous remedy display'd
 The pow'r of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely Want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day — the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
His frame was firm — his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

JOH^N ARMSTRONG, a physician and poet, was born about 1709 at Castleton in Roxburghshire, where his father was the parish minister. He was brought up to the medical profession, which he studied at the university of Edinburgh, where he took his degree. He settled in London in the double capacity of physician and man of letters, and he rendered himself known by writings in each. In 1744 his capital work, the didactic poem, entitled "The Art of preserving Health," made its appearance, and raised his literary reputation to a height which his subsequent publications scarcely sustained. It has therefore been selected for this work; and it may be affirmed, that of the class to which it belongs, scarcely any English performance can claim superiour merit. Its topics are judiciously chosen from all those which can add grace or beauty to a difficult subject; and as he was naturally gifted with a musical ear, his lines are scarcely ever harsh.

In 1760 Dr. Armstrong had interest enough to obtain the appointment of physician to the army in Germany, which he retained till its return. He

then resumed his practice in London ; but his habits and manners opposed an insurmountable bar against popular success. He possessed undoubted abilities, but a morbid sensibility preyed on his temper, and his intellectual efforts were damped by a languid listlessness. He died in September, 1779, leaving considerable savings from a very moderate income.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

Book I.

AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
 Hygeia * ; whose indulgent smile sustains
 The various race luxuriant Nature pours,
 And on th' immortal essences bestows
 Immortal youth ; auspicious, O descend !
 Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
 Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
 Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the North,
 Diffusest life and vigour through the tracts
 Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain.
 When through the blue serenity of Heaven
 Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host

* Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius ; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the Fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm through the shuddering air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth, and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field ;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten South ;
Whatever ill th' extremes or sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce ;
They fly thy pure effulgence : they and all
The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of Vice and heedless Pleasure : or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,
Portend disastrous to the vital world ;
Thy salutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane : and but for thee
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O goddess, heav'nly gay !
Begin the song ; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws :
" How best the fickle fabric to support
Of mortal man ; in healthful body how

A healthful mind the longest to maintain."
'T is hard, in such a strife of rules, to choose
The best, and those of most extensive use ;
Harder in clear and animated song
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed
Through paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O Mead ! a well-design'd essay,
Howe'er imperfect : and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind ;
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air ;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to sully Heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature ; when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements ;

It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
 Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.
 Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
 This slumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
 With sickly rest: and (though the lungs abhor
 To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
 Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
 Roll'd from so many thundering chimnies, tame
 The putrid steams that overswarm the sky;
 This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
 Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
 In vain with all the unctuous rills bedew'd;
 Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin
 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
 And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
 While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
 Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
 That fans the ever-undulating sky;
 A kindly sky! whose fost'ring power regales
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
 Find then some woodland scene where Nature smiles
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
 To us there wants not many a happy seat!
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
 See where enthron'd in adamant state,

Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits ;
Where choose thy seat in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames ; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay.) O ! from the summer's rage,
O ! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham ! — But if the busy town
Attract thee still to toil for power of gold,
Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind ;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood ;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air ;
But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides ; a meagre fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens.
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
With fev'rish blasts subdues the sick'ning land :
Cold tremours come, with mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints, and every torpid limb ;
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow : a short relief from former ills
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine.
The vigour sinks, the habit melts away :

The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
Devour'd, in sallow melancholy clad.
And oft the sorceress, in her sated wrath,
Resigns them to the furies of her train :
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow Fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow :
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
For from the humid soil and wat'ry reign
Eternal vapours rise ; the spongy air
For ever weeps : or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
Skies such as these let every mortal shun
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh ;
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine ;
For air may be too dry. The subtle Heaven,
That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a stream,
Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
Their flexible vibrations ! or inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.

Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
That slow as Lethe wanders through the veins ;
Unactive in the services of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through
The secret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholic fiend (that worst despair
Of physis) hence the rust-complexion'd man
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
Too stretch'd a tone ; and hence in climes adust
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
Of air ; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
But as the power of choosing is deny'd
To half mankind, a further task ensues ;
How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
How breathe unhurt the withering element,
Or hazy atmosphere ; though custom moulds
To every clime the soft Promethean clay ;
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd
(So kind is native air) may in the fens
Of Essex from inveterate ills revive
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy Heaven offend ;
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
Of wat'ry exhalation : wide and deep
Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog ;
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray the unwilling lake into the stream ;
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie ;

Or through the thickets send the crackling flames.
Meantime at home with cheerful fires dispel
The humid air : and let your table smoke
With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds
Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase.
Generous your wine, the boast of ripening years ;
But frugal be your cups : the languid frame,
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry Heavens.
But neither these nor all Apollo's arts,
Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
Unless with exercise and manly toil [blood.
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging
The fatt'ning clime let all the sons of ease
Avoid ; if indolence would wish to live,
Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
In fairer skies. If drougthy regions parch [blood ;
The skin and lungs, and bake the thickening
Deep in the waving forest choose your seat,
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air ;
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
And into lakes dilate their rapid stream.
Here spread your gardens wide ; and let the cool,
The moist relaxing vegetable store
Prevail in each repast : your food supply'd
By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm ; or, if the solid mass
You choose, tormented in the boiling wave :
That through the thirsty channels of the blood
A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.

The fragrant dairy from its cool recess
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirst ; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve.
For with the viscous blood the simple stream
Will hardly mingle ; and fermented cups
Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
Yet when pale seasons rise, or Winter rolls
His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our seasons droop : incumbent still
A ponderous Heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.
Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise
Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the South descends.
Scarce in a showerless day the Heavens indulge
Our melting clime ; except the baleful East
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy air, and skies serene.
Good Heaven ! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change ! the brooding elements,
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague ?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main ?
Indulgent Nature ! O dissolve this gloom !

Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither ; give the genial West
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North :
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year ; not mix in every monstrous day.

Meantime, the moist malignity to shun [paing
Of burthen'd skies ; mark where the dry cham-
Swell into cheerful hills : where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air ;
And where the cynorrhodon * with the rose
For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires,
And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer evening blushing in the West :
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring North,
And bleak affliction of the peevish East.
Oh ! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm ;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied ; for whatever moves

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the
common brier.

The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill ! and wheresoe'er you build,
Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
Wash'd by the silent Lee ; in Chelsea low,
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd ;
Dry be your house : but airy more than warm.
Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
Your tender body through with rapid pains ;
Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind your
voice,

Or moist gravedo load your aching brows.
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloister'd air tainted with steaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms ;
And still at azure noontide may your dome
At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,
And theatres open to the South, commend ?
Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
More than the torrid noon ? How sickly grow,

How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales,
 That, circled round with the gigantic heap
 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
 To feel, the genial vigour of the Sun!
 While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
 The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
 The tender lily, languishingly sweet:
 O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
 And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
 Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
 The fost'ring Sun, whose energy divine
 Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat
 Glows through the mass of grosser elements,
 And kindles into life the ponderous spheres.
 Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
 We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
 If not the soul, the regent of this world,
 First-born of Heaven, and only less than God!

BOOK II.

DIET.

ENOUGH of air. A desert subject now,
 Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
 A barren waste, where not a garland grows
 To bind the Muse's brow; not ev'n a proud
 Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
 To rouse a noble horror in the soul:
 But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
 Through endless labyrinths the devious feet,
 Farewell, ethereal fields! the humbler arts

Of life ; the table and the homely gods
Demand my song. Elysian gales, adieu !

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The generous stream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives ;
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded ; scourg'd for ever round and round ;
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets.
Its balmy nature ; virulent and thin
It grows ; and now, but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide
That ripening Nature rolls ; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks ; but what the force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, those plastic particles
Rebuild : so mutable the state of man.
For this the watchful appetite was given,
Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expense of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
Hence, the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle ;
The chyle to blood ; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which through finer arteries
To different parts their winding course pursue ;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin ;
By violent powers too easily subdu'd,
Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;
Nor does his gorge the luscious bacon rue,
Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
Infirm and delicate ! and ye who waste
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day !
Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
The full repast ; and let sagacious age
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers ;
And soon the tender vegetable mass
Relents ; and soon the young of those that tread
The stedfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
In youth and sanguine vigour let him die ;
Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,
Indulge the veteran ox ; but wiser thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal Nature fed ;
A race of purer blood, with exercise
Refin'd and scanty fare : for, old or young,
The stall'd are never healthy ; nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame

To wholesome food, the abominable growth
Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste
Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
The languid stomach curses even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil :
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coily they mix, and shun with slippery wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows : what tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes :
Choose sober meals ; and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay ; nor on the enfeebling down,
Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
With cheerful ease and succulent repast
Improve his habit if he can ; for each
Extreme departs from perfect sanity.

I could relate what table this demands,
Or that complexion : what the various powers
Of various foods : but fifty years would roll,
And fifty more before the tale were done.
Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
Peculiar thing ; nor on the skin display'd,
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen ;
Which finds a poison in the food that most
The temp'ature affects. There are, whose blood
Impetuous rages through the turgid veins,

Who better bear the fiery fruits of India
Than the moist melon, or pale cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal powers
For cooler, kinder sustenance implore.
Some even the generous nutriment detest
Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
Of Pales ; soft, delicious and benign :
The balmy quintessence of every flower,
And every grateful herb that decks the spring ;
The fost'ring dew of tender sprouting life ;
The best refection of declining age ;
The kind restorative of those who lie
Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not such a salutary food
As suits with every stomach. But (except,
Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all)
Taught by experience soon you may discern
What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the sicken'd appetite too long ;
Or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning
tongue ;
Or much diminish or too much increase
Th' expense, which Nature's wise economy,
Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,

And bid the curious palate roam at will ;
They scarce can err amid the various stores
That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives ;
The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger starve ; of milder seeds
The generous horse to herbage and to grain
Confines his wish ; though fabling Greece resound
The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild,
Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment ;
But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commorers of Nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this power within,
Their cravings are well aim'd : voluptuous man
Is by superior faculties misled ;
Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy,
Sated with Nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste !
And know that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride ? Pursue some nobler aim,
Dismiss your parasites who praise for hire ;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men, [yours,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as
The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.
Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Though hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin, grac'd with ev'ry charm

But that which binds the mercenary vow ?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade ?
No worthy man by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own ?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
Such various foods, though harmless each a'one,
Each other violate ; and oft we see
What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of obnoxious things.
Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet needlessly severe.
But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
Or husband pleasure ; at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
Of every realm. It matters not meanwhile
How much to-morrow differ from to-day ;
So far indulge ; 't is fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But stay the curious appetite, and taste
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of use the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends ; while custom tames the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heaven has form'd us to the general taste

Of all its gifts : so custom has improv'd
This bent of nature ; that few simple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety ; till soft and slow
A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
The softest food : unfinish'd and deprav'd,
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams
So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape ? or what mechanic skill
From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues : but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
How to disburthen the too tumid veins,
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood :
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
And with balsamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a second spring ;
Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
Through wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey ; not often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :

For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear : and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ;
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,
Long toss'd and famish'd on the wintry main ;
The war shook off, or hospitable shore
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy ;
Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day :
Such feasts might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on ;
But prudently foment the wandering spark
With what the soonest feeds its kindest touch :
Be frugal ev'n of that : a little give
At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;
Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But though the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice ; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that ; so nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours ;

Then is the time to shun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
Might cost you labour. But the day return'd
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
Most in the tender vegetable breed :
Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
The brazen Heavens ; or angry Sirius sheds
A feverish taint through the still gulph of air.
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand, [world
Will save your head from harm, though round the
The dreaded causos * roll his wasteful fires.
Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and the warmer fare ;
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold ; by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both ; a middle regimen
Impose. Through Autumn's languishing domain
Descending, Nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of Winter, when th' invigorated year
Emerges ; when Favonius, flush'd with love,
Toyful and young, in every breeze descends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride ;
Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks ;
And learn with wise humanity, to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to the indulgent sky :

* The burning fever.

Now bounteous Nature feeds with lavish hand
The prone creation ; yields what once suffic'd
Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young ;
Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd
The human breast. — Each rolling month matures
The food that suits it most ; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the Pole,
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
Relentless Earth, their cruel step-mother,
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave :
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain : a fitter meal
Is earn'd with ease ; for here the fruitful spawn
Of ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know :
These, and their willing slave the deer that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the South
Her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains :
Or thirsty Libya ; from whose fervid loins
The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain-herd,
A dust and dry, no sweet repast affords ;
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood [tain
Brews feverish frays ; where scarce the tubes sus-

Its tumid fervour, and tempestuous course ;
Kind Nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
But here in livid ripeness melts the grape :
Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
Through the green shade the golden orange glows :
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A generous pulp : the cocoa swells on high
With milky riches ; and in horrid mail
The crisp ananas wraps its poignant sweets.
Earth's vaunted progeny ; in ruder air
Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live ;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
'To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
Here buxom Ceres reigns : the autumnal sea
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
Nature profuses most and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in else intolerable air :
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
The torrid Hell that beams upon their heads.
Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song:

Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
 First springs the Nile ; here bursts the sounding Po
 In angry waves ; Euphrates hence devolves
 A mighty flood to water half the East :
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
 The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
 What solemn twilight ! what stupendous shades
 Enwrap these infant floods ! through every nerve
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round ;
 And more gigantic still th' impending trees
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
 Are these the confines of some fairy world ?
 A land of genii ? Say, beyond these wilds
 What unknown nations ? if, indeed, beyond
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
 That subterraneous way ? Propitious maids,
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
 Your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health
 Command,) to praise your crystal element :
 The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works :
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine ;
 The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
 And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams ! with eager lips
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
 New life in you ; fresh vigour fills their veins.
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew ;
 None warmer sought the sires of human kind.

Happy in temperate peace ! their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Blest with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd ; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh ! could those worthies from the world of gods
Return to visit their degenerate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain !
Too happy they ! but wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease. [dain
Learn temperance, friends ; and hear without dis-
The choice of water. Thus the Coan sage *
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry school.
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best : the lightest then ; what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air ;
The most insipid ; the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
Pours down ; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
And summer's heat secure The crystal stream,
Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile [pure,
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome,
And mellow draughts ; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Though thirst were e'er so resolute, avoid

* Hippocrates.

The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals ;
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green ;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters ;) till the power of fire
Has from profane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
But where the stomach, indolent and cold,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream : though golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught ;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring ; with spirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire ;
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years,
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

We curse not wine : the vile excess we blame ;
More fruitful than th' accumulated board,
Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide ;
And with more active poison than the floods
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.

Ah! sly deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck
Of sober vows! — But the Parnassian maids
Another time, perhaps, shall sing the joys*,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes and various powers.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
The loitering crudities that burden life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which, by habit's power,
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend,
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won;
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The least your bane; and only with your friends,
There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds.
Oh! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,

* See Book IV.

Except when life declines, even sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys :
And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain ?

What dextrous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.
But, ah ! what woes remain ! life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease, old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime ;
Except kind Nature by some hasty blow
Prevent the lingering fates. ' For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The sanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl
High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted ; spurs to its last stage tired life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.
When life is new the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increasing force ; and, day by day,
The growth advances : 'till the larger tubes
Acquiring (from their elemental veins *

* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones ; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious

Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tene,
Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
And pressure, still the great destroy the small ;
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
Life glows meantime, amid the grinding force,
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes ;
Its various functions vigorously are plied
By strong machinery ; and in solid health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
But the full ocean ebbs : there is a point,
By Nature fix'd, when life must downward tend.
For still the beating tide consolidates
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
To the weak throbs of th' ill supported heart.
This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
To hard unyielding unelastic bone,
Through tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on ;
It loiters still ; and now it stirs no more.
This is the period few attain ; the death
Of Nature ; thus (so Heav'n ordain'd it) life
Destroys itself ; and could these laws have chang'd,
Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate ;
And Homer live immortal as his song.

chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course become less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

What does not fade ? the tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend : the Babylonian spires are sunk ;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires crush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;
And all those worlds that roll around the Sun,
The Sun himself, shall die ; and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss :
'Till the great FATHER through the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For through the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorr'd decay :
It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.

THROUGH various toils th' adventurous Muse has
past ;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song ;

Plain, and of little ornament ; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,
If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write ; for you
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame ; nor needlessly to brave
Inglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength,
Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd
Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wint'ry Heaven.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies !
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
He knows no laws by Esculapius given ;
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
To every casualty of varied life ;
Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,
And uninfected breathes the mortal south.

Such the reward of rude and sober life ;
Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
Is well repaid ; if exercise were pain
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these

Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
Unhurt, through every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
Mellow'd and subtiliz'd ; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of Nature and the year ; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy Heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home ; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain ; from th' ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount th' exulting steed.
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer ;
And through its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale

Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze, [bounds
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the
stream

On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddel; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song; though not a purer stream.
Through meads more flowery, more romantic groves,
Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey: while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.
Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.

Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream ; the garden yields
A soft amusement, an humane delight.
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground ;
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create ; and gives a god-like joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he ! whom, when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind ;
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
Even envied by the vain,) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
Receive to rest ; of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
Happiest of men ! if the same soil invites
A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends ;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame :
A fair ambition ; void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The vista best, and best conducts the stream :

Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend ;
Whom first the welcome Spring salutes ; who shows
The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms
Of Flora ; who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of champagne.
Thrice happy days ! in rural business past :
Blest winter nights ! when, as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down :
Or through the fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity :
Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof ; while, o'er the light repast,
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy ;
And, through the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
Where sense grows wild and tastes of no manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labour in my friendly bowl ;
And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils ;
The tennis some ; and some the graceful dance.
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked stubble ; where, from field to field,

The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight ;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder : and there are
Whom still the meed * of the green archer charms.
He chooses best, whose labour entertains
His vacant fancy most : the toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish, and the mind
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side,
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest :
The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
Or the chest labours. These assiduously,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigour and springy activity,
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline,

Begin with gentle toils ; and as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire ;
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At first but saunter, and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
Well knows the master of the flying steed.
First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
On bended reins ; as yet the skilful youth
Repress their foamy pride ; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells,
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.

* This word is much used by some of the old
English poets, and signifies reward or prize.

When all at once from indolence to toil
You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Besides, collected in the passive veins,
The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation ; oft the source
Of fatal woes ; a cough that foams with blood,
Asthma, and feller peripneumony *,
Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what Heaven deny'd
Of soul is well compensated in limbs,
Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity,
And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Pursu'd proluxly, even the gentlest toil
Is waste of health : repose by small fatigue
Is earn'd, and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn, or try the dusty chase,
Or the warm deeds of some important day :
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wish'd repose ; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taste the spring. O ! by the sacred tears

* The inflammation of the lungs.

Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,
Forbear ! no other pestilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse
Through nature's cunning labyrinths could trace :
But there are secrets which who knows not now,
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of science ; and devote seven years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools
boil,

What signs portend the storm : to subtler minds
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave ;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor sail can stem ; and why
The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded Heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For polish'd luxury and useful arts ;
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and cassia fraught, to soothe and heal
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to such arts as these.
'T is not for those, whom gelid skies embrace,
And chilling fogs ; whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurys and the North ;

'T is not for those to cultivate a skin
Too soft : or teach the recremental fume
Too fast to crowd through such precarious ways.
For through the small arterial mouths, that pierce
In endless millions the close-woven skin,
The baser fluids in a constant stream
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this most copious waste
Of blood, degenerates into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With ease and pleasure move : but this restrain'd
Or more or less, so more or less you feel
The functions labour : from this fatal source
What woes descend is never to be sung.
To take their numbers, were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air ;
Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils
The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.
Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
This grand expense, on which your fates depend,
To every caprice of the sky ; nor thwart
The genius of your clime : for from the blood
Least fickle rise the recremental steams,
And least obnoxious to the styptic air, [pores.
Which breathe through straiter and more callous
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement Heaven;
And hence our painted ancestors defied
The east ; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.
The body, moulded by the clime, endures
The equator heats or hyperborean frost :

Except by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance : study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern ; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart : a frame so steel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatism ;
The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts,
But all things have their bounds ; and he who
makes

By daily use the kindest regimen
Essential to his health, should never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures ; ill-fitted he
To want the known, or bear unusual things.
Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
Should never with your prosperous days of health
Grow too familiar : for by frequent use
The strongest medicines lose their healing power,
And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry west,
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave

Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free
'Th' evaporation through the soften'd skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
So may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames ;
So feel untainted the hot breath of Hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution just enough to clear
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'T is this adorns the rich ;
The want of this is poverty's worst woe ;
With this external virtue, age maintains
A decent grace ; without it, youth and charms
Are loathsome. This the venal graces know ;
So doubtless do your wives : for married sires,
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
'To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil
From foreign themes recall my wandering song.
Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
'T is wisely done : for while the thirsty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
Now while the stomach from the full repast
Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil ;

And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
But from the recent meal no labours please,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event :
A work of time ; and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exercise,
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharged with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands : the lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard : by those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year ;
Endless to name ; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure : Oh ! from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel !
But from the burning Lion when the Sun
Pours down his sultry wrath ; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids through the skin
Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,
No needless slight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies ; though 't is no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood

While the soft evening saddens into night :
Though the sweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the wor.
Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops
Through all her works. Now happy he whose toi
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude : he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose : on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In deep oblivion ; or on Fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
And waken cheerful as the lively morn ;
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full :
But be the first concoction half-matur'd
Ere you to mighty indolence resign
Your passive faculties. He from the toils
And troubles of the day to heavier toil
Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The busy demons hurl ; or in the main
O'erwhelm ; or bury struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes ; whose delirious brain,
Stung by the furies, works with poison'd thought ;
While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul ;

And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
For ever torn ; and chaos floating round.
What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
Portend to sanity, though prudent seers
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
We would not to the superstitious mind
Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
'T is ours to teach you from the peaceful night
To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine ;
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day ;
Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
Defies the early fogs : but, by the toils
Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,
Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and through the sick'ning functions steal.
As, when the chilling east invades the Spring,
The delicate narcissus pines away
In hectic languor, and a slow disease
Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ?

O shame ! O pity ! nipt with pale quadrille,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies !

By toil subdu'd, the warrior and the hind
Sleep fast and deep : their active functions soon
With generous streams the subtle tubes supply ;
And soon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the fresh impulse and awake the soul.
The sons of indolence with long repose
Grow torpid ; and, with slowest Lethe drunk,
Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
Blunt every sense and powerless every limb.
Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
On the hard mattress or elastic couch
Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth,
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And springy nerves, the blandishments of down :
Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal
Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd,
Who rises, cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands,
As custom forms her ; and all sudden change
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage ;
Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her seasons change ! Behold ! by slow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring ;

The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer's glows ;
The parting Summer sheds Pomona's store,
And aged Autumn brews the winter storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not void
Of mortal shocks : the cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of the important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe ;
Funeral Autumn all the sickly dread ;
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
He well advis'd who taught our wiser sires
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade ;
And late resign them, though the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays,
For while the effluence of the skin maintains
Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring
Glides harmless by ; and Autumn, sick to death
With sallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year : what seasons teem
With what diseases ; what the humid South
Prepares, and what the demon of the East:
But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,
And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you ; or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality ;
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs ;

When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins;
Be Celsus call'd: the fates come rushing on;
The rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardest frame! of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity:
The all-surrounding Heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, though the putrid South
Be shut; though no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
Th' imprison'd plagues; a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the gods has drank,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:

Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster, never known before,
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half the astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcasses the land.

First, through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fire,
Through all the yielded pores, the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings
heav'd.

At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd

The sweats o'erflow'd ; but in a clammy tide :
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow ;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood ; and rank with fetid steams :
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remain'd)
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain ;
For who surviv'd the Sun's diurnal race
Rose from the dreary gates of Hell redeem'd :
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands, few untainted 'scap'd ;
Of those infected, fewer 'scap'd alive :
Of those who liv'd, some felt a second blow ;
And whom the second spar'd, a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms :
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind :
In vain : where'er they fled, the fates pursu'd.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
To seek protection in far distant skies ;
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste

The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
 Where should they fly? The circumambient Heaven
 Involv'd them still; and every breeze was bane.
 Where find relief? The salutary art
 Was mute; and, startled at the new disease,
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave. [pray'rs];
 To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their
 Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;
 Fatigued with vain resources; and subdued
 With woes resistless and enfeebling fear;
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow
 Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
 Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
 Infectious horror ran from face to face,
 And pale despair. 'T was all the business then
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
 In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,
 The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
 Of tottering Albion! ye eternal fires [powers
 That lead through Heav'n the wandering year! ye
 That o'er th' encircling elements preside!
 May nothing worse than what this age has seen
 Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
 Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
 Has thinn'd her cities, from those lofty cliffs
 That awe proud Gaul, to Thulé's wintry reign;
 While in the west, beyond the Atlantic foam,
 Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
 The death of cowards and of common men:
 Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
 And other themes invite my wandering song.

BOOK IV.

THE PASSIONS

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil, and all external things,
Already sung ; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil, from ourselves proceeds ;
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
The passive body. Ye poetic shades
Who know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song ! for, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander through mysterious ways.

There is, they say, (and I believe there is,)
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame ;
And when the body sinks, escapes to Heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the gods.
Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements ; in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
The solid fabric : for by subtle parts
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.

By subtle fluids pour'd through subtle tubes
The natural vital functions are perform'd.
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd ;
The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild ; and these
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 't is not thought, (for still the soul 's employ'd,)

'T is painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the Heaven and Earth ; but long intent
On microscopic arts, its vigour fails.
Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious study, discontent, and care,
Love without hope, and hate without revenge,
And fear, and jealousy, fatigue the soul,
Engross the subtle ministers of life,
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
Hence the lean gloom that melancholy wears ;
The lover's paleness ; and the sallow hue
Of envy, jealousy ; the meagre stare
Of sore revenge : the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant, who both night and day
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall ;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd,
Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
With useful studies you, and arts that please
Employ your mind ; amuse, but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage !

And ever may all heavy systems rest !
Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Through all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their generous taste
Would else refuse. But may not thirst of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the liberal soul.
Toy with your books ; and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from philosophy
To fable shift : from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read ;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest so exercis'd improves its strength ;
And quick vibrations through the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else through unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits : to stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'T is the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers :
Quite unemployed, against its own repose
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where solitude, sad nurse of care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind,

There madness enters ; and the dim-ey'd fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The Sun grows pale ;
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
The cheerful face of Nature : Earth becomes
A dreary desert, and Heaven frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise :
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating fear
Forms out of nothing, and with monsters teems
Unknown in Hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves ;
And all the horrors that the murderer feels
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms pride in solitary scenes,
Or fear, or delicate self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon ;
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
For while yourself you anxiously explore,
Timorous self-love, with sick'ning fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason : some for fear of want,
Want all their lives ; and others every day
For fear of dying suffer worse than death.
Ah ! from your bosoms banish if you can
Those fatal guests ; and first the demon Fear,
That trembles at impossible events ;
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
And Heaven's eternal battlements rush down.

Is there an evil worse than fear itself?
And what avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present: nor with needless cares, [womb,
Of what may spring from blind misfortune's
Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come; and leave the rest to Heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails mis-tun'd,
These evils sprung, the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy: and when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wise;
In vain your friends would reason down your pain.
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, or friends untimely fall'n!
Court not the luxury of tender thought;
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the
wish

Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.
 Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
 New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,
 Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines.
 Or more advent'rous, rush into the field
 Where war grows hot ; and, raging through the sky,
 The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul :
 And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
 Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most, too passive when the blood runs low,
 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
 And bravely by resisting conquer fate,
 Try Circe's arts ; and in the tempting bowl
 Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion swill.
 Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
 In empty air, Elysium opens round ;
 A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
 And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ;
 And what was difficult, and what was dire,
 Yields to your prowess and superior stars :
 The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
 Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
 But soon your Heaven is gone ; a heavier gloom
 Shuts o'er your head : and as the thund'ring
 stream,

Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
 Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook ;
 So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
 Subside, you languish into mortal man ;
 You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
 For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
 You lavish'd more than might support three days.

A heavy morning comes ; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd ; so may the throbbing head ;
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you ; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,
When, haited round Cythæron's cruel sides
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
You curse the sluggish port ; you curse the wretch,
The felon, with unnatural mixture first
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.
Or on the fugitive champaign you pour
A thousand curses ; for to Heav'n it wrapt
Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
Perhaps you rue even that diviner gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine ;
And wish that Heaven from mortals had withheld
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave. [decay ;
Add that your means, your health, your parts,
Your friends avoid you ; brutishly transform'd,
They hardly know you ; or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in Heaven.
Despis'd, unwept you fall ; who might have left
A sacred-cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name ;
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.

Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
He still remember'd that he once was young :
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admir'd ; for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen : he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man : and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
“ Our aim is happiness ; 't is yours, 't is mine,”
He said ; “ 't is the pursuit of all that live :
Yet few attain it, if 't was e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who through the flowery paths of sauntering joy
Seek this coy goddess ; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
'To counterpoise itself, relentless fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam : and were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale :

Were these exhaustless, nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all is vanity, and life a dream.

Let nature rest : be busy for yourself,
And for your friend ; be busy even in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys ;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest : and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.

“ 'T is not for mortals always to be blest.
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,
And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin ;
Virtue and sense are one ; and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit with humanity :
'T is sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;
'T is even vindictive, but in vengeance just. [dare ;
Knaves fain would laugh at it ; some great ones
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth ;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ;
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of envy and all-sapping time.
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye ; the suffrage of the wise,

The praise that 's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

“Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven : a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites ; a wealth
'That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care ; (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supply'd ;)
This noble end is, to produce the soul ;
To show the virtues in their fairest light ;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.”

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he
taught

Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ; [preach'd.
And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he
Skill'd in the passions, how to check their sway,
He knew, as far as reason can control
The lawless powers. But other cares are mine :
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
What passions hurt the body, what improve :
Avoid them, or invite them as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel

Is hope : the balm and life-blood of the soul.
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on ;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is hope : the last of all our evils, fear.

But there are passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to life : perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul ; [clown,
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn
The ill-tam'd ruffian, and pale usurer,
(If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould,)
May safely mellow into love ; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleasures. But ye finer souls,
Forn'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives ; with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
Nor court too much the queen of charming cares
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
Ferments and maddens ; sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
The wholesome appetites and powers of life
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loathes
The genial board : your cheerful days are gone ;
The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.
To sighs devoted and to tender pains,
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first

Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart :
 It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
 And that fomented into serious love ;
 Which musing daily strengthens and improves
 Through all the heights of fondness and romance :
 And you 're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
 If once you doubt whether you love or no.
 The body wastes away ; th' infected mind,
 Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
 Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
 Sweet Heaven, from such intoxicating charms
 Defend all worthy breasts ! not that I deem
 Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd.
 Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
 Adds bloom to health ; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
 A gay, humane, a sweet, and generous grace,
 And brightens all the ornaments of man.
 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
 With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
 Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
 Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.
 And some have died for love ; and some run mad ;
 And some with desperate hands themselves have
 slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
 A mad devotion to one dangerous fair,
 Court all they meet ; in hopes to dissipate
 The cares of love amongst an hundred brides,
 Th' event is doubtful ; for there are who find
 A cure in this ; there are who find it not.
 'T is no relief, alas ! it rather galls

The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
For while from feverish and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid, and the soul subsides,
The tender fancy smarts with every sting,
And what was love before is madness now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
Be temperate still : when Nature bids, obey ;
Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb :
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose imagination, spurs you on
To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To Nature : Nature all compulsion hates.
Ah ! let not luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious task ; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining *Lais* melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of soft joys
How chang'd you rise ! the ghost of what you was !
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan ;
Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
Grows vapid phlegm ; along the tender nerves
(To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
A subtle fiend that mimics all the plagues,
Rapid and restless springs from part to part.
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen ;
Your vigour pines ; your vital powers decay ;
Diseases haunt you ; and untimely age
Creeps on ; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious epicure ! to waste
The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health !

Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
Consumes, is with his own consent undone ;
He chooses to be wretched, to be mad ;
And warn'd, proceeds, and wilful to his fate.
But there 's a passion, whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in his breast,
And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.
For pale and trembling anger rushes in,
'With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare ;
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas, [strength.
Desperate, and arm'd with more than human
How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !
Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades :
But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to Hell.
For, as the body through unnumber'd strings
Reverberates each vibration of the soul ;
As is the passion, such is still the pain
The body feels : or chronic, or acute.
And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers
The life, or gives your reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,
And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.
There are, meantime, to whom the boist'rous fit
Is health, and only fills the sails of life.
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,

Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on ;
A generous sally spurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
Wave all dispute ; be cautious, if you joke ;
Keep Lent for ever, and forswear the bowl.
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,
'That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While choler works, good friend, you may be
wrong.

Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'T is not too late to-morrow to be brave ;
If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
But calm advice against a raging fit
Avails too little ; and it braves the power
Of all that ever taught in prose or song,
To tame the fiend, that sleeps a gentle lamb,
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reason well ; see as you ought to see,
And wonder at the madness of mankind :
Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
The speculations of your wiser hours.
Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
Fierce and insidious, violent and slow :

With all that urge or lure us on to fate :
What refuge shall we seek ? what arms prepare ?
Where reason proves too weak, or void of wilcs
To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,
I would invoke new passions to your aid :
With indignation would extinguish fear ;
With fear, or generous pity, vanquish rage ;
And love with pride ; and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast ;
Bids every passion revel or be still ;
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves ;
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair.
That power is music : far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage ;
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
Who move no passion justly but contempt :
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong !)
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts ;
Good Heaven ! we praise them : we, with loudest
peals

Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels ;
And with insipid show of rapture, die
Of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire,
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sound,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling
breasts ;

Or melts the hearts with airs divinely sad ;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul,
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and of plague ;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
One power of physic, melody, and song.

JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

JOSEPH WARTON, D. D., born in 1722, was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Warton, poetry-professor at Oxford, and Vicar of Basingstoke. He received his early education under his father, and at the age of fourteen was admitted on the foundation at Winchester school. He was afterwards entered of Oriel college, Oxford, where he assiduously cultivated his literary taste, and composed some pieces of poetry, which were afterwards printed. Having taken the degree of B. D. he became curate to his father at Basingstoke; and in 1746 removed to a similar employment at Chelsea. In 1748 he was presented by the Duke of Bolton to the rectory of Winslade, soon after which he married. He accompanied his patron in 1751 on a tour to the south of France; and after his return he completed an edition of Virgil, in Latin and English; of which the Eclogues and Georgics were his own composition, the Eneid was the version of Pitt. Warton also contributed notes on the whole, and added three preliminary essays, on pastoral, didactic, and epic poetry. When the *Adventurer* was undertaken by Dr. Hawksworth, Warton, through the medium of Dr. Johnson, was invited to become

a contributor, and his compliance with this request produced twenty-four papers, of which the greater part were essays on critical topics.

In 1755 he was elected second master of Winchester school, with the accompanying advantage of a boarding-house. In the following year there appeared, but without his name, the first volume, 8vo., of his "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope." Scarcely any work of the kind has afforded more entertainment, from the vivacity of its remarks, the taste displayed in its criticisms, and the various anecdotes of which it became the vehicle; though some of the last were of a freer cast than perfectly became his character. This reason, perhaps, caused the second volume to be kept back till twenty-six years after. In 1766 he was advanced to the post of head-master of Winchester school, on which occasion he visited Oxford, and took the degrees of bachelor and doctor of divinity.

The remainder of his life was chiefly occupied by schemes of publications, and by new preferments, of the last of which he obtained a good share, though of moderate rank. In 1793 he closed his long labours at Winchester by a resignation of the mastership, upon which he retired to his rectory of Wickham. Still fond of literary employment, he accepted a proposal of the booksellers to superintend an edition of Pope's works, which was completed, in 1797, in nine vols. 8vo. Other engagements still pursued him, till his death, in his 78th year, February, 1800. The Wiccamists attested their regard to his memory, by erecting an elegant monument over his tomb in Winchester cathedral.

The poems of Dr. Warton consist of miscellaneous and occasional pieces, displaying a cultivated taste, and an exercised imagination, but without any claim to originality. His "Ode to Fancy," first published in Dodsley's collection, is perhaps that which has been the most admired.

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely Muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow,
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
While the vast various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.

O lover of the desert, hail !
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Mid fall of waters, you reside,
'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Mid forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne ;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest :
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove ;
Till, suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
By the sweetly-soothing sound !
Me, goddess, by the right hand lead
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,

Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-lipp'd Hebe leads,
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song :
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ.
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms, and sigh ;
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek ;
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat ;
The trumpet's clangours pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear ;
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo ! the base Gallic squadrons fly ;

Whence is this rage ? — what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away ?
'T is Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign ;
Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead ;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful gorgon shield !
O guide me from this horrid scene,
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun ;
The pangs of absence, O remove !
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss,
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence !
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose,
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale,
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks ;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold ;
A every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.

O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bidd'st me sing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave ;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
Who with some new unequall'd song,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
With terrour shake, and pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love ;
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottoes talk ;
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart ;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce ;
With native beauties win applause
Beyond cold critics' studied laws ;
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Britannia rival Greece !

By fierce Bonduca's shield and foaming steeds ;
By the bold Peers that met on Thames's meads ,
By the fifth Henry's helm and lightning spear ;
O Liberty, my warm petition hear ;
Be Albion still thy joy ! with her remain,
Long as the surge shall lash her oak-crown'd plain !

THOMAS WARTON.

THOMAS WARTON, younger brother of the preceding, a distinguished poet, and a historian of poetry, was born at Basingstoke in 1728. He was educated under his father till 1743, when he was admitted a commoner of Trinity college, Oxford. Here he exercised his poetical talent to so much advantage, that, on the appearance of Mason's *Elegy of Isis*, which severely reflected on the disloyalty of Oxford at that period, he was encouraged by Dr. Huddesford, president of his college, to vindicate the cause of his university. This task he performed with great applause, by writing, in his twenty-first year, "*The Triumph of Isis*," a piece of much spirit and fancy, in which he retaliated upon the bard of Cam, by satirising the courtly venality then supposed to distinguish the rival university. His "*Progress of Discontent*," published in 1750, exhibited to great advantage his powers in the familiar style, and his talent for humour, with a knowledge of human life, extraordinary at his early age, especially if composed, as it is said, for a college exercise in 1746. In 1750 he took the degree of M. A.,

and in the following year became a fellow of his college.

His spirited satire, entitled "Newmarket," and pointed against the ruinous passion for the turf; his "Ode for Music;" and his "Verses on the Death of the Prince of Wales," were written about this time; and, in 1753, he was the editor of a small collection of poems, under the title of "The Union," which was printed at Edinburgh, and contained several of his own performances. In 1754 he made himself known by *Observations on Spenser's Faery Queen*, in one volume, afterwards enlarged to two; a work well received by the public, and which made a considerable addition to his literary reputation. So high was his character in the University, that in 1757 he was elected to the office of its poetry professor, which he held for the usual period of ten years, and rendered respectable by the erudition and taste displayed in his lectures.

It does not appear necessary in this place to particularize all the prose compositions which, whether grave or humorous, fell at this time from his pen; but it may be mentioned that verse continued occasionally to occupy his thoughts, and that having lamented the death of George II., in some lines addressed to Mr. Pitt, he continued the courtly strain in poems on the marriage of George III., and on the birth of the Prince of Wales, both printed in the university collection. In 1770 he gave an edition, in two volumes 4to., of the Greek poet Theocritus, which gave him celebrity in other countries besides his own. At what time he first employed himself with the his-

tory of English poetry, we are not informed, but in 1774 he had so far proceeded in the work as to publish the first volume in 4to. He afterwards printed a second in 1778, and a third in 1781; but his labour now became tiresome to himself, and the great compass which he had allotted to his plan was so irksome, that an unfinished fourth volume was all that he added to it.

The place of Camden professor of history, vacant by the resignation of Sir William Scott, was the close of his professional exertions; but soon after another engagement required his attention. By His Majesty's express desire, the post of poet laureat was offered to him, and accepted, and he determined to use his best endeavours for rendering it respectable. Varying the monotony of anniversary court compliment by topics better adapted to poetical description, he improved the style of the laureate odes, though his lyric strains underwent some ridicule on that account.

His concluding publication was an edition of the juvenile poems of Milton, of which the first volume made its appearance in 1785, and the second in 1790, a short time before his death. His constitution now began to give way. In his sixty-second year an attack of the gout shattered his frame, and was succeeded in May, 1790, by a paralytic seizure, which carried him off, at his lodgings in Oxford. His remains were interred, with every academical honour, in the chapel of Trinity college.

The pieces of Thomas Warton are very various in subject, and none of them long, whence he must

only rank among the minor poets ; but scarcely one of that tribe has noted with finer observation the minute circumstances in rural nature that afford pleasure in description, or has derived from the regions of fiction more animated and picturesque scenery.

ODE TO THE FIRST OF APRIL.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr wooes
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boisterous boy the fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies.
Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill ;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound :
Scarce a sickly straggling flower,
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower :
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps ;
O'er the fields of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom :
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.

While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown ;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand :
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades :
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge ;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green ;
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring :
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon :
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark ;
But when gleams the Sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery vail
Looks through the thin descending hail ;
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,

And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks enclose
The mote of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groupings of various trees ;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never sere,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's * low banks neglected smile ;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent's oozy stains :
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook ;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,

* The Glym is a small river in Oxfordshire, flowing through Warton's parish of Kiddington, or Cuddington, and dividing it into upper and lower town. It is described by himself in his account of Cuddington, as a deep but narrow stream, winding through willowed meadows, and abounding in trouts, pikes, and wild-fowl. It gives name to the village of Glymton, which adjoins to Kiddington.

He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pied
Of a green dingle's sloping side :
While far beneath, where Nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance ;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay ;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow ;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe ;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.

ODE.

THE CRUSADE.

BOUND for holy Palestine,
 Nimble we brush'd the level brine,
 All in azure steel array'd ;
 O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
 And made the dancing billows glow ;
 High upon the trophied prow,
 Many a warrior-minstrel swung
 His sounding harp, and boldly sung :
 " Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
 English Richard plows the deep !
 Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy
 From distant towers, with anxious eye,
 The radiant range of shield and lance
 Down Damascus' hills advance :
 From Sion's turrets as afar
 Ye ken the march of Europe's war !
 Saladin, thou paynim king,
 From Albion's isle revenge we bring !
 On Acon's spiry citadel,
 Though to the gale thy banners swell,
 Pictur'd with the silver Moon ;
 England shall end thy glory soon !
 In vain, to break our firm array,
 Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray :
 Those sounds our rising fury fan :
 English Richard in the van,
 On to victory we go,
 A vaunting infidel the foe."

Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth ;
Then with ardour fresh endu'd,
Thus the solemn song renew'd.

“ Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last !
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep :
O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpl'd palm :
See Lebanon's aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread !
Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore !
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn ;
Your ravish'd honours to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore !
And thou, the sepulchre of God ;
By mocking pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright ;
For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host !

Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn * he wields.
Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore !
From each wild mountain's trackless crown
In vain thy gloomy castles frown :
Thy battering engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy ;
And, rolling in terrific state
On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
Amid the moon-light vapours damp,
Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
Haunt us on the tented plain :
We bid the spectre-shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroath, and Termagaunt ! †
With many a demon, pale of hue,
Doom'd to drink the bitter dew,
That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
Mid the dread grove of ebony.

* Kaliburn is the sword of king Arthur, which, as the monkish historians say, came into the possession of Richard I., and was given by that monarch, in the Crusades, to Tancred king of Sicily, as a royal present of inestimable value, about the year 1190.

† Ashtaroath is mentioned by Milton as a general name of the Syrian deities : *Par. Lost*, i. 422. And Termagaunt is the name given in the old romance to the god of the Saracens. See *Percy's Reliques*, vol. i. p. 74.

Nor magic charms, nor fiends of Hell,
The Christian's holy courage quell.

Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky !
Soon on thy battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
Ye barons, to the Sun unfold
Our cross with crimson wove and gold !'

THE

PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred — in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor :
“ Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
And this my eldest son of nine ;
My wife's ambition and my own
Was that this child should wear a gown :
I'll warrant that his good behaviour
Will justify your future favour ;
And, for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son 's a very forward youth ;
Has Horace all by heart — you 'd wonder —
And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
If you 'd examine — and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him ;

That he succeeds 't is ten to one ;
Your vote and interest, sir !" — 'T is done.

Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed :
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college-rules are heavy chains :
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns ;
And now, intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship — and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past *,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last :
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot :
" These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings :
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dullness of a college,
Debarr'd the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss — a loving wife !
O ! what 's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head ?
Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners ! farewell all !
To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of dean, vice præ. — of bursar too ;
Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
Come tythes, and house, and fruitful fields !"

* The scholars of Trinity are superannuated, if they do not succeed to fellowships in nine years after their election to scholarships.

Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patron's vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;
At length, and in his fortieth year,
A living drops — two hundred clear!
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat —
“What a convenient house! how neat!
For fuel here 's sufficient wood:
Pray God the cellars may be good!
The garden — that must be new-plann'd —
Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand?
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flow'ry shrub of thousand dyes: —
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay:
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, ere long, of golden gleam
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream:
This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
We 'll alter to a modern privy:
Up yon green slope, of hazels trim,
An avenue so cool and dim
Shall to an harbour at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor lov'd devotion —
But of a garden had no notion.”

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.

To make his character entire,
He weds — a cousin of the 'squire ;
Not over-weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse :
And though 'she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve and make birch wine.

Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel ;
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning ;
With tythes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees ;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews ;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing ;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And — but on Sundays — hears no bells ;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot ;
Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year ;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies ;
Builds in his copse a fav'rite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench. —

But ah ! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is opprest ;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin :
For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.

" Why did I sell my college life,"
He cries, " for benefice and wife?
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure !
When calm around the common room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume !
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected :
And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious founder !
When impositions were supply'd
To light my pipe — or soothe my pride —
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly-longing wife to please ;
My thoughts no christ'ning dinners crost,
No children cry'd for butter'd toast ;
And ev'ry night I went to bed,
Without a modus in my head !"

Oh ! trifling head, and fickle heart !
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art ;
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd !
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE

AT ANSLEY HALL IN WARWICKSHIRE

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind ;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave ;

And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine ;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest ;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies :
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount :
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed :
Then as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn ;
And at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray* ;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

ODE.

THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild ;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain !

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew ;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear :
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue :

* Gray clothing, from the Latin verb *amicio*, to clothe.

In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds,
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay :
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequestered store.

For them the Moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illumine their homeward way :
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows' incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share :
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay ;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine ;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill ;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade imbow'rs :
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound :

Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime;
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

ODE SENT TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS LEAVING A FAVOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

AH mourn, thou lov'd retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows to view
The length of landscape, ever new,
Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide?
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall:
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire?
Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way;

Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well-known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
Who mid thy nooks of hazel sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak?
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay?
Who musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embower
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flow'rets idly grac'd?
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky!

For lo! the Bard who rapture found
In every rural sight or sound;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature pass'd;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires;
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.

Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!

From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
The pathless copse and hedge-row brake :
Where the delv'd mountains headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer Echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd maids with wily look,
Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
No Fairies run in fiery rank ;
Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest oaks, that, pale and lone,
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.

So by some sage enchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fablers tell,)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd :
From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd ;
Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood ;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at distance, beauties new :

While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
 Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
 If bound on service new to go,
 The master of the magic show,
 His transitory charm withdrew,
 Away th' illusive landscape flew :
 Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
 Blue lightning smote the blooming mould :
 In visionary glory rear'd,
 The gorgeous castle disappear'd ;
 And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
 Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

 THE

PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

Præcipe lugubres
 Cantus, Melpomene ! —

MOTHER of musings, Contemplation sage,
 Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
 Of Teneriff ; 'mid the tempestuous night,
 On which, in calmest meditation held,
 Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain
 And drifting hail descend ; or if the skies
 Unclouded shine, and through the blue serene
 Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
 Whence gazing stedfast on the spangled vault
 Raptur'd thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct
 Of distant billows soothe thy pensive ear
 With hoarse and hollow sounds ; secure, self-blest,

There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low
Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st
Remote from man conversing with the spheres !
O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
Congenial with my soul ; to cheerless shades,
To ruin'd seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse,
Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance
In sportive round, while from their hand they show'r
Ambrosial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm ;
Tempé, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
Adieu green vales ! ye broider'd meads, adieu !

Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
Where through some western window the pale Moon
Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light ;
While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bow'r
Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,
Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread
Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
The cloister'd brothers : through the gloomy void
That far extends beneath their ample arch
As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My soul in dread repose. But when the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame

Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps ; while airy voices talk
Along the glimm'ring walls ; or ghostly shape
At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand
My lonesome steps, through the far-winding vaults.
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when hap'y wakeful from my couch
I start : lo ! all is motionless around !
Roars not the rushing wind ; the sons of men
And every beast in mute oblivion lie ;
All nature 's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That through the still globe's awful solitude,
No being wakes but me ! till stealing sleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead through flow'ry paths of joy ;
But let the sacred genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
When through bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
Th' unshaken Britomart ; or Milton knew,
When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
All Heav'n in tumult, and the seraphim
Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Let others love soft Summer's evening smiles,
As, list'ning to the distant water-fall,
They mark the blushes of the streaky west ;
I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
Then, when the sullen shades of ev'ning close,
Where through the room a blindly glimm'ring gleam
The dying embers scatter, far remote

From Mirth's mad shouts, that through th' illumm'd
roof

Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
Then let my thought contemplative explore
This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
As through the wilderness of life we rove.
This sober hour of silence will unmask
False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells
Of wily Comus cheat the unweeting eye
With blear illusion, and persuade to drink
That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage fair
Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.
Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.

Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendour and magnificence
Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,
More genuine transports found, as on some tomb
Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead ;
Or through the pillar'd ile, amid pale shrines
Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,
Mus'd a veil'd votaress ; than Flavia feels,
As through the mazes of the festive ball,
Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze,
She floats amid the silken sons of dress,
And shines the fairest of th' assembled fair.

When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,

And the blest regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,
How oft my wishes ask the night's return,
That best befriends the melancholy mind !
Hail, sacred Night ! thou too shalt share my song !
Sister of ebon-scepter'd Hecat, hail !
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrapp'st
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail !
What though beneath thy gloom the sorceress-strain,
Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bless ;
Though Murder wan beneath thy shrouding shade
Summons her slow-ey'd vot'ries to devise
Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
In hideous conf'rence sits the list'ning band,
And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound :
What though thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian wastes
He hears the wilderness around him howl
With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats ;
Yet more delightful to my pensive mind
Is thy return, than blooming Morn's approach,
Ev'n than, in youthful pride of opening May,
When from the portals of the saffron east
She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.
Yet not ungrateful is the Morn's approach,
When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
While through the damp air scowls the louring
South,
Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill

In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim :
 Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves
 Hail not the sullen gloom : the waving elms
 That, hoar through time and rang'd in thick array,
 Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
 Are mute, nor echo with the clamours hoarse
 Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs ;
 While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
 A mournful train : secure the village-hind
 Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm ;
 Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough :
 Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts
 Of early hunter : all is silence drear ;
 And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.

Through Pope's soft song though all the Graces
 breathe,
 And happiest art adorn his Attic page ;
 Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
 As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
 In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
 I see deserted Una wander wide
 Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
 Weary, forlorn ; than when the fated fair
 Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
 Lanches in all the lustre of brocade,
 Amid the splendours of the laughing Sun.
 The gay description palls upon the sense,
 And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.

Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
 Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love,
 Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
 Whose magic wont to soothe your soften'd souls ?

O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
To Melody's assuasive voice ; to bend
Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
And pour your sorrows to the pitying Moon,
By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
Oft interrupted ; in embow'ring woods
By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
The solemn dulness of the tedious world,
While Fancy grasps the visionary fair :
And now no more th' abstracted ear attends
The water's murm'ring lapse, th' entranced eye
Pierces no longer through th' extended rows
Of thick-rang'd trees ; till haply from the depth
The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,
Or heifers rustling through the brake, alarms
Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.
These are delights that absence drear has made
Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form
Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
When from her vi'let-woven couch awak'd
By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r
Issues to clothe in gladsome-glistening green
The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight :
These are delights unknown to minds profane,
And which alone the pensive soul can taste.

The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,
Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
The many-sounding organ peals on high,
The clear slow-dittied chant, or varied hymn,
Till all my soul is bathed in ecstasies,
And lapp'd in paradise. Or let me sit

Far in sequester'd iles of the deep dome,
There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
Which, as they lengthen through the Gothic vaults,
In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.
Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
And solitude returns, would I forsake
The solemn mansion, but attentive mark,
The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,
Measuring time's flight with momentary sound.

Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,
Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,
Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes
Her joys incestuous, and polluted love ;
Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught :
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.
By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
From my swoln eyes ; and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.

What are the splendours of the gaudy court,
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps ?
To me far happier seems the banish'd lord,
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds,
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar
Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim
In distant ken discover trackless plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car !

While still repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires,
That crown the solitary dome, arise ;
While from the topmost turret the slow clock,
Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,
With sad-returning chime awakes new grief ;
Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,
The potent satrap, whom he left behind
'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.

Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,
Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart.
Thus seen by shepherds from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landscapes smile ! here palmy groves,
Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
Th' unfading olive lifts : here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospect vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistening Athens tow'rs.
Though through the blissful scenes Ilissus roll
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
The thick-wove laurel shades ; though roseate Morn
Pour all her splendours on th' empurpled scene ;
Yet feels the hoary hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff, that o'er his cavern hangs,
He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain.
Unbounded waste ! the mould'ring obelisk
Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds ;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose

Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' un pitying thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted train,
The dwellings once of elegance and art.
Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd bounds
Spires the black pine, while through the naked street,
Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs the grass :
Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn
From their firm base, increase the mould'ring mass.
Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils
Of sunk magnificence ! a blended scene
Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin sits.
O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought !
O come with saintly look, and stedfast step,
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
Where ever to the curfew's solemn sound
List'ning thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.
But never let Euphrosyne beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,
Nor in my path her primrose-garland cast.
Though 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view ;
Though Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves,
And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast :
What though 't is hers to calm the low'ring skies,
And at her presence mild th' embattled clouds
Disperse in air, and o'er the face of Heav'n
New day diffusive gleam at her approach ?
Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,

Than all her witless revels happier far ;
These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.
Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail !
From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,
With thee shall end ; for thou art fairer far
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy grot ;
To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,
Than all the fabling poet's boasted pow'rs.
Hail, queen divine ! whom, as tradition tells,
Once in his evening walk a Druid found,
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods ;
And piteous bore with hospitable hand
To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r.
There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn
Of solemn musing in your pensive thought ;
For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie
Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar
Of wood-hung Meinai, stream of Druids old.

WILLIAM MASON.

WILLIAM MASON, a poet of some distinction, born in 1725, was the son of a clergyman, who held the living of Hull. He was admitted first of St. John's College, and afterwards of Pembroke College, Cambridge, of the latter of which he was elected Fellow in 1747. He entered into holy orders in 1754, and, by the favour of the Earl of Holderness, was presented to the valuable rectory of Aston, Yorkshire, and became Chaplain to His Majesty. Some poems which he printed gave him reputation, which received a great accession from his dramatic poem of "Elfrida." By this piece, and his "Caractacus," which followed, it was his aim to attempt the restoration of the ancient Greek chorus in tragedy; but this is so evidently an appendage of the infant and imperfect state of the drama, that a pedantic attachment to the ancients could alone suggest its revival. In 1756, he published a small collection of "Odes," which were generally considered as displaying more of the artificial mechanism of poetry, than of its genuine spirit. This was not the case with his "Elegies," published in 1763, which, abating some superfluity

of ornament, are in general marked with the simplicity of language proper to this species of composition, and breathe noble sentiments of freedom and virtue. A collection of all his poems which he thought worthy of preserving, was published in 1764, and afterwards went through several editions. He had married an amiable lady, who died of a consumption in 1767, and was buried in the cathedral of Bristol, under a monument, on which are inscribed some very tender and beautiful lines, by her husband.

In 1772, the first book of Mason's "English Garden," a didactic and descriptive poem, in blank verse, made its appearance, of which the fourth and concluding book was printed in 1781. Its purpose was to recommend the modern system of natural or landscape gardening, to which the author adheres with the rigour of exclusive taste. The versification is formed upon the best models, and the description, in many parts, is rich and vivid; but a general air of stiffness prevented it from attaining any considerable share of popularity. Some of his following poetic pieces express his liberal sentiments on political subjects; and when the late Mr. Pitt came into power, being then the friend of a free constitution, Mason addressed him in an "Ode," containing many patriotic and manly ideas. But being struck with alarm at the unhappy events of the French revolution, one of his latest pieces was a "Palinody to Liberty." He likewise revived, in an improved form, and published, Du Fresnoy's Latin poem on the Art

of Painting, enriching it with additions furnished by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and with a metrical version. Few have been better executed than this, which unites to great beauties of language a correct representation of the original. His tribute to the memory of Gray, being an edition of his poems, with some additions, and Memoirs of his Life and Writings, was favourably received by the public.

Mason died in April, 1797, at the age of seventy-two, in consequence of a mortification produced by a hurt in his leg. A tablet has been placed to his memory in Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey. His character in private life was exemplary for worth and active benevolence, though not without a degree of stateliness and assumed superiority of manner.

ODE TO MEMORY.

MOTHER of Wisdom ! thou, whose sway
The throng'd ideal hosts obey ;
Who bidd'st their ranks, now vanish, now appear,
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear ;
Accept this votive verse. Thy reign
Nor place can fix, nor power restrain.
All, all is thine. For thee the ear, and eye,
Rove through the realms of grace, and harmony :
The senses thee spontaneous serve,
That wake, and thrill through ev'ry nerve.

Else vainly soft, lov'd Philomel ! would flow
The soothing sadness of thy warbled woe :
Else vainly sweet yon woodbine shade
With clouds of fragrance fill the glade ;

Vainly, the cygnet spread her downy plume,
The vine gush nectar, and the virgin bloom.
But swift to thee, alive and warm,
Devolves each tributary charm :
See modest Nature bring her simple stores,
Luxuriant Art exhaust her plastic powers ;
While every flower in Fancy's clime,
Each gem of old heroic time,
Cull'd by the hand of the industrious Muse,
Around thy shrine their blended beams diffuse.

Hail, Mem'ry ! hail. Behold, I lead
To that high shrine the sacred maid :
Thy daughter she, the empress of the lyre,
The first, the fairest, of Aonia's quire.
She comes, and lo, thy realms expand !
She takes her delegated stand
Full in the midst, and o'er thy num'rous train
Displays the awful wonders of her reign.
There thron'd supreme in native state,
If Sirius flame with fainting heat,
She calls ; ideal groves their shade extend,
The cool gale breathes, the silent show'rs descend.
Or, if bleak Winter, frowning round,
Disrobe the trees, and chill the ground,
She, mild magician, waves her potent wand,
And ready summers wake at her command.
See, visionary suns arise
Through silver clouds and azure skies ;

See, sportive zephyrs fan the crisped streams ;
Through shadowy brakes light glance the sparkling
beams :

While, near the secret moss-grown cave,
That stands beside the crystal wave,
Sweet Echo, rising from her rocky bed,
Mimics the feather'd chorus o'er her head.

Rise, hallow'd Milton ! rise, and say,
How, at thy gloomy close of day,
How, when " deprest by age, beset with wrongs :"
When " fall'n on evil days and evil tongues ;"
When darkness, brooding on thy sight,
Exil'd the sov'reign lamp of light ;
Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuse ?
What friends were thine, save Mem'ry and the Muse ?
Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
Caught from the stores of ancient truth :
Hence all thy classic wand'rings could explore,
When rapture led thee to the Latian shore ;
Each scene, that Tyber's banks supply'd ;
Each grace, that play'd on Arno's side ;
The tepid gales, through Tuscan glades that fly :
The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky ;
Were still thine own ; thy ample mind
Each charm receiv'd, retain'd, combin'd.
And thence " the nightly visitant," that came
To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
Recall'd the long-lost beams of grace,
That whilom shot from Nature's face,
When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful breast
Spread with his own right hand Perfection's gor-
geous vest.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCY.

HERE, on my native shore reclin'd,
 While silence rules this midnight hour,
 I woo thee, Goddess! On my musing mind
 Descend, propitious power!
 And bid these ruffling gales of grief subside:
 Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence shine;
 As yon chaste orb along this ample tide
 Draws the long lustre of her silver line,
 While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,
 And lulls old Humber to his deep repose.

Come to thy vot'ry's ardent prayer,
 In all thy graceful plainness drest:
 No knot confines thy waving hair,
 No zone, thy floating vest;
 Unsullied honour decks thine open brow,
 And candour brightens in thy modest eye:
 Thy blush is warm content's ethereal glow;
 Thy smile is peace; thy step is liberty:
 Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,
 As Spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray,
 Thy fav'rite swain * oft stole along,
 And artless wove his Dorian lay,
 Far from the busy throng.
 Thou heard'st him, goddess, strike the tender string,
 And bad'st his soul with bolder passions move:

* Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston-upon-Hull in the year 1620.

Soon these responsive shores forgot to ring,
With beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted love ;
To loftier flights his daring genius rose,
And led the war 'gainst thine, and Freedom's foes.

Pointed with satire's keenest steel,
The shafts of wit he darts around ;
Ev'n * mitred dulness learns to feel,
And shrinks beneath the wound.

In awful poverty his honest Muse
Walks forth vindictive through a venal land :
In vain corruption sheds her golden dew,
In vain oppression lifts her iron hand ;
He scorns them both, and, arm'd with truth alone,
Bids lust and folly tremble on the throne.

Behold, like him, immortal maid,
The Muses' vestal fires I bring :
Here, at thy feet, the sparks I spread :
Propitious wave thy wing,
And fan them to that dazzling blaze of song,
Which glares tremendous on the sons of pride.
But, hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue !
In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide ;
Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
As swells the lark's meridian ecstasy.

“ Fond youth ! to Marvell's patriot fame,
Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire.
Yet nourish still the lambent flame ;
Still strike thy blameless lyre :

* See The Rehearsal transposed, and an account
of the effect of that satire, in the *Biographia Britan-*
nica, art. Marvell.

Led by the moral Muse, securely rove ;
And all the vernal sweets thy vacant youth
Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,
Oh hang their foliage round the fane of Truth :
To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,
And meet its fair reward in D'Arcy's smile.

“ 'T is he, my son, alone shall cheer
Thy sick'ning soul ; at that sad hour,
When o'er a much-lov'd parent's bier,
Thy duteous sorrows shower ;
At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline ;
When pining Care leads on her pallid train,
And sees thee, like the weak, and widow'd vine,
Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the plain.
At that sad hour shall D'Arcy lend his aid,
And raise with friendship's arm thy drooping head.

“ This fragrant wreath, the Muses' meed,
That bloom'd those vocal shades among,
Where never flatt'ry dar'd to tread,
Or interest's servile throng ;
Receive, thou favour'd son, at my command,
And keep with sacred care, for D'Arcy's brow :
Tell him, 't was wove by my immortal hand,
I breath'd on every flower a purer glow ;
Say, for thy sake, I send the gift divine
To him, who calls thee his, yet makes thee mine.”

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

THE midnight clock has toll'd ; and hark, the bell
Of death beats slow ! heard ye the note profound ?
It pauses now ; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.
Yes * * * is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion ! Ye that, light as air,
So oft have tript in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair :
For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom ;
(This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled ;)
Fair as the forms, that, wove in fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.
Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes !
Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast :
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.
That bell again ! it tells us what she is :
On what she was no more the strain prolong :
Luxuriant fancy, pause : an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song,
Maria claims it from that sable bier,
Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head ;
In still small whispers to reflection's ear,
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

Oh catch the awful notes, and lift them loud ;
Proclaim the theme, by sage, by fool rever'd :
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud !
'T is Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.
Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap ;
Ev'n in the midst of Pleasure's mad career,
The mental monitor shall wake and weep.
For say, than * * * 's propitious star,
What brighter planet on your births arose :
Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,
In life to lavish, or by death to lose !
Early to lose ; while, borne on busy wing,
Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom :
Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.
Think of her fate ! revere the heav'nly hand
That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow :
Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow :
To give reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal ;
Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.
Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
To you so long a span ? Alas, ye sigh :
Make then, while yet ye may, your God, your friend,
And learn with equal ease to sleep or die !
Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow ;
Casts round Religion's orb the mists of fear, [glow.
Or shades with horrors, what with smiles should

No ; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of Heav'n's eternal day ;
Would bid you boldly to that Heav'n aspire,
Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.
Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave :
Force then, secure in Faith's protecting shield,
The sting from Death, the vict'ry from the Grave.
Is this the bigot's rant ? Away, ye vain,
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness steep :
Go soothe your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep.
Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed ;
Nor wish for more : who conquer, but to die.
Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale :
Like you, they reason ; not, like you, enjoy
The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail :
On Pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
Your little course to cold oblivion's shore :
They dare the storm, and, through th' inclement year,
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.
Is it for glory ? that just Fate denies.
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents rise,
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd.
Is it his grasp of empire to extend ?
To curb the fury of insulting foes ?
Ambition, cease : the idle contest end :
'T is but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,
 (If life be all,) why desolation lour,
 With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
 That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?
 Go wiser ye, that flutter life away,
 Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high;
 Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
 And live your moment, since the next ye die.
 Yet know, vain sceptics, know, th' Almighty mind,
 Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
 Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd
 To Heav'n, to immortality aspire.
 Nor shall the pile of hope, his mercy rear'd,
 By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
 Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
 Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON.

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
 Take that best gift which Heav'n so lately gave:
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
 Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave,
 And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
 Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:
 Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to
 charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;

Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;

And if so fair, from vanity as free ;

As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.

Tell them, though 't is an awful thing to die,

('T was ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,

Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,

And bids " the pure in heart behold their God."

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, a poet of distinguished and original genius, was born in 1731, at Great Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire. His father, the rector of the parish, was John Cowper, D. D., nephew of Lord-Chancellor Cowper. The subject of this memorial was educated at Westminster school, where he acquired the classical knowledge and correctness of taste for which it is celebrated, but without any portion of the confident and undaunted spirit which is supposed to be one of the most valuable acquisitions derived from the great schools, to those who are to push their way in the world. On the contrary, it appears from his poem entitled "Tirocinium," that the impressions made upon his mind from what he witnessed in this place, were such as gave him a permanent dislike to the system of public education. Soon after his leaving Westminster, he was articled to a solicitor in London for three years; but so far from studying the law, he spent the greatest part of his time with a relation, where he and the future Lord Chancellor (Lord Thurlow) spent their time, according to his own expression, "in giggling, and making giggle."

At the expiration of his time with the solicitor, he took chambers in the Temple; but his time was still little employed on the law, and was rather engaged in classical pursuits, in which Coleman, Bonnel Thornton, and Lloyd, seem to have been his principal associates.

Cowper's spirits were naturally weak; and when his friends had procured him a nomination to the offices of reading-clerk and clerk of the Private Committees in the House of Lords, he shrunk with such terror from the idea of making his appearance before the most august assembly in the nation, that after a violent struggle with himself, he resigned his intended employment, and with it all his prospects in life. In fact, he became completely deranged; and in this situation was placed, in December, 1763, about the 32d year of his age, with Dr. Cotton, an amiable and worthy physician at St. Alban's. This agitation of his mind is placed by some who have mentioned it to the account of a deep consideration of his state in a religious view, in which the terrors of eternal judgment so much overpowered his faculties, that he remained seven months in momentary expectation of being plunged into final misery. Mr. Johnson, however, a near relation, has taken pains to prove to demonstration, that these views of his condition were so far from producing such an effect, that they ought to be regarded as his sole consolation. It appears, however, that his mind had acquired such an indelible tinge of melancholy, that his whole successive life was passed with little more than intervals of comfort between long paroxysms of settled despondency.

After a residence of a year and a half with Dr. Cotton, he spent part of his time at the house of his relation, Earl Cowper, and part at Huntingdon, with his intimate friend, the Rev. Mr. Unwin. The death of the latter caused his widow to remove to Olney in Buckinghamshire, which was thenceforth the principal place of Cowper's residence. At Olney he contracted a close friendship with the Rev. Mr. Newton, then minister there, and since rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, whose religious opinions were in unison with his own. To a collection of hymns published by him, Cowper contributed a considerable number of his own composition. He first became known to the public as a poet by a volume printed in 1782, the contents of which, if they did not at once place him high in the scale of poetic excellence, sufficiently established his claim to originality. Its topics are "Table Talk," "Error," "Truth," "Expostulation," "Hope," "Charity," "Conversation," and "Retirement," all treated upon religious principles, and not without a considerable tinge of that rigour and austerity which belonged to his system. These pieces are written in rhymed heroics, which he commonly manages with little grace, or attention to melody. The style, though often prosaic, is never flat or insipid; and sometimes the true poet breaks through, in a vein of lively description or bold figure.

If this volume excited but little of the public attention, his next volume, published in 1785, introduced his name to all the lovers of poetry, and gave him at least an equality of reputation with any of his contemporaries. It consists of a poem in six

books, entitled "The Task," alluding to the injunction of a lady, to write a piece in blank verse, for the subject of which she gave him *The Sofa*. It sets out, indeed, with some sportive discussion of this topic; but soon falls into a serious strain of rural description, intermixed with moral sentiments and portraiture, which is preserved through the six books, freely ranging from thought to thought with no perceptible method. But as the whole poem will here be found, it is unnecessary to enter into particulars. Another piece, entitled "Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools," a work replete with striking observation, is added to the preceding; and several other pieces gleaned from his various writings will be found in the collection.

For the purpose of losing in employment the distressing ideas which were ever apt to recur, he next undertook the real task of translating into blank verse the whole of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. This work has much merit of execution, and is certainly a far more exact representation of the ancient poet than Pope's ornamental version; but where simplicity of matter in the original is not relieved by the force of sonorous diction, the poverty of English blank-verse has scarcely been able to prevent it from sinking into mere prose. Various other translations denoted his necessity of seeking employment; but nothing was capable of durably relieving his mind from the horrible impressions it had undergone. He passed some of his latter years under the affectionate care of a relation at East Dereham in Norfolk, where he died on April 25th, 1800.

BOADICEA :

AN ODE.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
 Ev'ry burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief.

“ Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'T is because resentment ties
 All the terrours of our tongues.

“ Rome shall perish — write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt ;
 Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“ Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 Tramples on a thousand states ;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground —
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

“ Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name ;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.

“ Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“ Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died ;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

“ Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.”

HEROISM.

THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire ;
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves, that girdled her around.

Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines,
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines,)
'The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
When on a day, like that of the last doom,
A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,
She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies,
While through the Stygian veil, that blots the day,
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.
But oh ! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song,
Can trace the torrent as it burns along ?
Havoc and devastation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man,
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
See it an uninform'd and idle mass ;
Without a soil t' invite the tiller's care,
Or blade, that might redeem it from despair.
Yet time at length (what will not time achieve ?)
Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.
Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,
O charming Paradise of short-liv'd sweets !
The self-same gale, that wafts the fragrance round,
Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound :
Again the mountain feels th' imprison'd foe,
Again pours ruin on the vale below.

Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
Who write in blood the merits of your cause,
Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,
Glory your aim, but justice your pretence ;
Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires !

Fast by the stream, that bounds your just domain,
And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
Studious of peace, their neighbours', and their own.
Ill-fated race ! how deeply must they rue
Their only crime, vicinity to you !

The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road ;
At every step beneath their feet they tread
The life of multitudes, a nation's bread !

Earth seems a garden in it's loveliest dress
Before them, and behind a wilderness.
Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,
Attend to finish what the sword begun ;
And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,
And Folly pays, resound at your return.

A calm succeeds — but Plenty, with her train
Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again,
And years of pining indigence must show
What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees,
(Such is his thirst of opulence and ease,)
Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
Gleans up the refuse of the gen'ral spoil,

Rebuilds the tow'rs, that smok'd upon the plain,
And the Sun gilds the shining spires again.

Increasing commerce and reviving art
Renew the quarrel on the conqu'rors part ;
And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,
That wealth within is ruin at the door.
What are ye, monarchs, laurell'd heroes, say,
But Ætnas of the suff'ring world ye sway ?
Sweet Nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
Deplores the wasted regions of her globe ;
And stands a witness at Truth's awful bar,
To prove you there destroyers as ye are.

O place me in some Heav'n-protected isle,
Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile ;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood ;
Where Pow'r secures what Industry has won ;
Where to succeed is not to be undone ;
A land, that distant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign !

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF
NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANN BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !”

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it,) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorr'wing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah that maternal smile ! it answers — Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? — It was. — Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.

By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad *to-morrow* came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant-sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor ;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet-mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'T is now become a hist'ry little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession ! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd !
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interpos'd too often makes ;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;

Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear, [here?
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might. —
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar*,"
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd —

* Garth.

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the Earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell — Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again ;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me left.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT virtue, or what mental grace,
But men unqualified and base
Will boast it their possession ?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dulness of discretion.

If every polish'd gem we find
Illuminating heart or mind,
Provoke to imitation ;
No wonder friendship does the same
That jewel of the purest flame,
Or rather constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a friend,
A real and a sound one ;
Nor any fool, he would deceive,
But prove as ready to believe,
And dream that he had found one.

Candid, and generous, and just,
Boys care but little whom they trust,
An error soon corrected —
For who but learns in riper years,
That man, when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected?

But here again a danger lies,
Lest, having misapplied our eyes,
And taken trash for treasure,
We should unwarily conclude
Friendship a false ideal good,
A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
Is yet no subject of despair ;
Nor is it wise complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on sordid interest,
Or mean self-love erected ;
Nor such as may awhile subsist,
Between the sot and sensualist,
For vicious ends connected.

Who seek a friend should come dispos'd,
T' exhibit in full bloom disclos'd
The graces and the beauties,
That form the character he seeks,
For 't is a union, that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
And constantly supported :
'T is senseless arrogance t' accuse
Another of sinister views,
Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice ?
It is indeed above all price,
And must be made the basis ;
But ev'ry virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion ;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight —
The secret just committed,
Forgetting it's important weight,
They drop through mere desire to prate,
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
If envy chance to creep in ;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,
So jealousy looks forth distress'd
On good, that seems approaching ;
And, if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
Are sadly prone to quarrel,
To deem the wit a friend displays
A tax upon their own just praise,
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling ;
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tattlers will be sure to hear
 The trumpet of contention ;
Aspersions is the babblers' trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
 And rush into dissension.

A friendship, that in frequent fits
Of controversial rage emits
 The sparks of disputation,
Like Hand in Hand insurance plates,
Most unavoidably creates
 The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as a needle to the Pole,
 Their humour yet so various —
They manifest their whole life through
The needle's deviations too,
 Their love is so precarious.

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete ;
 Plebeians must surrender,
And yield so much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with smoke,
 Obscurity with splendour.

Some are so placid and serene,
(As Irish bogs are always green,)
 They sleep secure from waking ;
And are indeed a bog, that bears
Your unparticipated cares,
 Unmov'd and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their het'rogeaneous politics
Without an effervescence,
Like that of salts with lemon juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life ;
But friends that chance to differ
On points, which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge !
No combatants are stiffer.

To prove at last my main intent
Needs no expense of argument,
No cutting and contriving —
Seeking a real friend we seem
T' adopt the chymists' golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemish in due time made known,
By trespass or omission ;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
And, having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
That constancy befits them,
Are observations on the case,
That savour much of common-place,
And all the world admits them.

But 't is not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone,
To finish a fine building —
The palace were but half complete,
If he could possibly forget
The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defin'd,
First fixes our attention ;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practis'd at first sight,
Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
" Say little, and hear all you can : "
Safe policy, but hateful —
So barren sands imbibe the show'r,
But render neither fruit nor flow'r,
Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,
Shall find me as reserv'd as he ;
 No subterfuge or pleading
Shall win my confidence again,
I will by no means entertain
 A spy on my proceeding.

These samples — for alas ! at last
These are but samples, and a taste
 Of evils yet unmentioned —
May prove the task a task indeed,
In which 't is much if we succeed,
 However well-intention'd.

Pursue the search, and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind
 To be at least expedient,
And, after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
 A principal ingredient.

The noblest friendship ever shown
The Saviour's history makes known,
 Though some have turn'd and turn'd it ;
And, whether being craz'd or blind,
Or seeking with a bias'd mind,
 Have not, it seems, discern'd it.

O Friendship ! if my soul forego
Thy dear delights while here below ;
 To mortify and grieve me,
May I myself at last appear
Unworthy, base, and insincere,
 Or may my friend deceive me.

RETIREMENT.

.....studiis florens ignobilis oti.

VIRG. *Georg.* lib. iv.

HACKNEY'D in business, wearied at that oar,
 Which thousands, once fast chain'd to, quit no more,
 But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
 All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego ;
 The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
 Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
 Where, all his long anxieties forgot
 Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
 Or recollected only to gild o'er,
 And add a smile to what was sweet before,
 He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
 Lay his old age upon the lap of Ease,
 Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
 And, having liv'd a trifier, die a man.
 Thus Conscience pleads her cause within the breast,
 Though long rebell'd against, not yet suppress'd,
 And calls a creature form'd for God alone,
 For Heav'n's high purposes, and not his own,
 Calls him away from selfish ends and aims,
 From what debilitates, and what inflames,
 From cities humming with a restless crowd,
 Sordid as active, ignorant as loud,
 Whose highest praise is that they live in vain,
 The dupes of pleasure, or the slaves of gain,
 Where works of man are cluster'd close around,
 And works of God are hardly to be found,

To regions where, in spite of sin and woe,
Traces of Eden are still seen below,
Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,
Remind him of his Maker's pow'r and love.
'T is well if, look'd for at so late a day,
In the last scene of such a senseless play,
True wisdom will attend his feeble call,
And grace his action ere the curtain fall.
Souls, that have long despis'd their heav'nly birth,
Their wishes all impregnated with Earth,
For threescore years employ'd with ceaseless care
In catching smoke and feeding upon air,
Conversant only with the ways of man,
Rarely redeem the short remaining ten.
Inveterate habits choke th' unfruitful heart,
Their fibres penetrate it's tend'rest part,
And, draining it's nutritious pow'rs to feed
Their noxious growth, starve ev'ry better seed.

Happy, if full of days — but happier far,
If, ere we yet discern life's ev'ning star,
Sick of the service of a world, that feeds
It's patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,
We can escape from Custom's idiot sway,
To serve the Sov'reign we were born t' obey.
Then sweet to muse upon his skill display'd
(Infinite skill) in all that he has made!
To trace in Nature's most minute design
The signature and stamp of power divine,
Contrivance intricate, express'd with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees,
The shapely limb and lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point,

Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work, who speaks and it is done,
Th' invisible in things scarce seen reveal'd,
To whom an atom is an ample field ;
To wonder at a thousand insect forms,
These hatch'd and those resuscitated worms,
New life ordain'd and brighter scenes to share,
Once prone on earth, now buoyant upon air, [size,
Whose shape would make them, had they bulk and
More hideous foes than fancy can devise ;
With helmet-heads, and dragon-scales adorn'd,
The mighty myriads, now securely scorn'd,
Would mock the majesty of man's high birth,
Despise his bulwarks, and unpeople earth :
Then with a glance of fancy to survey,
Far as the faculty can stretch a way,
Ten thousand rivers pour'd at his command
From urns, that never fail, through ev'ry land ;
These like a deluge with impetuous force,
Those winding modestly a silent course ;
The cloud-surmounting Alps, the fruitful vales ;
Seas, on which ev'ry nation spreads her sails ;
The Sun, a world whence other worlds drink light,
The crescent Moon, the diadem of night ;
Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
Fast anchor'd in the deep abyss of space —
At such a sight to catch the poet's flame,
And with a rapture like his own exclaim,
“ These are thy glorious works, thou source of good,
How dimly seen, how faintly understood !
Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair ;

Thy pow'r divine, and bounty beyond thought,
Ador'd and prais'd in all that thou hast wrought.
Absorb'd in that immensity I see,
I shrink abas'd, and yet aspire to thee ;
Instruct me, guide me to that heav'nly day,
Thy words, more clearly than thy works, display,
That, while thy truths my grosser thoughts refine
I may resemble thee, and call thee mine."

O blest proficiency ! surpassing all,
That men erroneously their glory call,
The recompense that arts or arms can yield,
The bar, the senate, or the tented field.
Compar'd with this sublimest life below,
Ye kings and rulers, what have courts to show ?
Thus studied, us'd and consecrated thus,
On Earth what is, seems form'd indeed for us :
Not as the plaything of a froward child,
Fretful unless diverted and beguil'd,
Much less to feed and fan the fatal fires
Of pride, ambition, or impure desires,
But as a scale, by which the soul ascends
From mighty means to more important ends,
Securely, though by steps but rarely trod,
Mounts from inferior beings up to God,
And sees by no fallacious light or dim,
Earth made for man, and man himself for him.

Not that I mean t' approve, or would enforce
A superstitious and monastic course :
Truth is not local, God alike pervades
And fills the world of traffic and the shades,
And may be fear'd amidst the busiest scenes,
Or scorn'd where business never intervenes.

But 't is not easy with a mind like ours,
Conscious of weakness in it's noblest pow'rs,
And in a world, where, other ills apart,
The roving eye misleads the careless heart,
To limit thought, by nature prone to stray
Wherever freakish Fancy points the way ;
To bid the pleadings of Self-love be still,
Resign our own, and seek our Maker's will ;
To spread the page of Scripture, and compare
Our conduct with the laws engraven there ;
To measure all that passes in the breast,
Faithfully, fairly, by that sacred test ;
To dive into the secret deeps within,
To spare no passion and no fav'rite sin,
And search the themes, important above all,
Ourselves, and our recov'ry from our fall.
But leisure, silence, and a mind releas'd
From anxious thoughts how wealth may be increas'd,
How to secure, in some propitious hour,
The point of int'rest, or the post of pow'r,
A soul serene, and equally retir'd
From objects too much dreaded or desir'd,
Safe from the clamours of perverse dispute,
At least are friendly to the great pursuit.

Op'ning the map of God's extensive plan,
We find a little isle this life of man ;
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around and limiting his years.
The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dang'rous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells ;

Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight ;
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And ev'ry hour sweeps multitudes away ;
They shriek and sink, survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.
A few forsake the throng ; with lifted eyes
Ask wealth of Heav'n, and gain a real prize,
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace, like that above,
Seal'd with his signet, whom they serve and love ;
Scorn'd by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state,
And, unregretted, are soon snatch'd away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.

Nor these alone prefer a life recluse,
Who seek retirement for it's proper use ;
The love of change, that lives in ev'ry breast,
Genius and temper, and desire of rest,
Discordant motives in one centre meet,
And each inclines it's vot'ry to retreat.
Some minds by nature are averse to noise,
And hate the tumult half the world enjoys,
The lure of av'rice, or the pompous prize,
That courts display before ambitious eyes ;
The fruits that hang on pleasure's flow'ry stem,
Whate'er enchants them, are no snares to them.
To them the deep recess of dusky groves,
Or forest, where the deer securely roves,
The fall of waters, and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief fav'rites share.

With eager step, and carelessly array'd,
For such a cause the poet seeks the shade,
From all he sees he catches new delight,
Pleas'd Fancy claps her pinions at the sight,
The rising or the setting orb of day,
The clouds that flit, or slowly float away,
Nature in all the various shapes she wears,
Frowning in storms, or breathing gentle airs,
The snowy robe her wintry state assumes,
Her summer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes,
All, all alike transport the glowing bard,
Success in rhyme his glory and reward.
O Nature! whose Elysian scenes disclose
His bright perfections, at whose word they rose,
Next to that pow'r, who form'd thee and sustains,
Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.
Still, as I touch the lyre, do thou expand
Thy genuine charms, and guide an artless hand,
That I may catch a fire but rarely known,
Give useful light, though I should miss renown,
And, poring on thy page, whose ev'ry line
Bears proof of an intelligence divine,
May feel a heart enrich'd by what it pays,
That builds it's glory on it's Maker's praise.
Woe to the man, whose wit disclaims it's use,
Glitt'ring in vain, or only to seduce,
Who studies nature with a wanton eye,
Admires the work, but slips the lesson by ;
His hours of leisure and recess employs
In drawing pictures of forbidden joys,
Retires to blazon his own worthless name,
Or shoot the careless with a surer aim.

The lover, too, shuns business and alarms,
Tender idolater of absent charms.
Saints offer nothing in their warmest pray'rs,
That he devotes not with a zeal like theirs ;
'T is consecration of his heart, soul, time,
And ev'ry thought that wanders is a crime.
In sighs he worships his supremely fair,
And weeps a sad libation in despair ;
Adores a creature, and, devout in vain,
Wins in return an answer of disdain.
As woodbine weds the plant within her reach,
Rough elm, or smooth-grain'd ash, or glossy beech,
In spiral rings ascends the trunk, and lays
Her golden tassels on the leafy sprays,
But does a mischief while she lends a grace,
Strait'ning it's growth by such a strict embrace ;
So love, that clings around the noblest minds,
Forbids th' advancement of the soul he binds ;
'The suitor's air, indeed, he soon improves,
And forms it to the taste of her he loves,
Teaches his eyes a language, and no less
Refines his speech, and fashions his address ;
But farewell promises of happier fruits,
Manly designs, and learning's grave pursuits ;
Girt with a chain he cannot wish to break,
His only bliss is sorrow for her sake ;
Who will may pant for glory and excel,
Her smile his aim, all higher aims farewell !
Thyrsis, Alexis, or whatever name
May least offend against so pure a flame,
Though sage advice of friends the most sincere
Sounds harshly in so delicate an ear,

And lovers, of all creatures, tame or wild,
Can least brook management, however mild,
Yet let a poet (poetry disarms
The fiercest animals with magic charms)
Risk an intrusion on thy pensive mood,
And woo and win thee to thy proper good.
Pastoral images and still retreats,
Umbrageous walks and solitary seats,
Sweet birds in concert with harmonious streams,
Soft airs, nocturnal vigils, and day dreams,
Are all enchantments in a case like thine,
Conspire against thy peace with one design,
Soothe thee to make thee but a surer prey,
And feed the fire, that wastes thy pow'rs away.
Up — God has form'd thee with a wiser view,
Not to be led in chains, but to subdue ;
Calls thee to cope with enemies, and first
Points out a conflict with thyself, the worst.
Woman indeed, a gift he would bestow
When he design'd a Paradise below,
The richest earthly boon his hands afford,
Deserves to be belov'd, but not ador'd.
Post away swiftly to more active scenes,
Collect the scatter'd truths that study gleans,
Mix with the world, but with its wiser part,
No longer give an image all thine heart ;
It's empire is not hers, nor is it thine,
'T is God's just claim, prerogative divine.

Virtuous and faithful Heberden, whose skill
Attempts no task it cannot well fulfil,
Gives melancholy up to Nature's care,
And sends the patient into purer air.

Look where he comes — in this embower'd alcove
Stand close conceal'd, and see a statue move :
Lips busy, and eyes fix'd, foot falling slow,
Arms hanging idly down, hands clasp'd below,
Interpret to the marking eye distress,
Such as it's symptoms can alone express.
That tongue is silent now ; that silent tongue
Could argue once, could jest or join the song,
Could give advice, could censure or commend,
Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.
Renounc'd alike it's office and it's sport,
It's brisker and it's graver strains fall short ;
Both fail beneath a fever's secret sway,
And like a summer-brook are past away.
This is a sight for Pity to peruse,
Till she resemble faintly what she views,
Till Sympathy contract a kindred pain,
Pierc'd with the woes that she laments in vain.
This, of all maladies that man infest,
Claims most compassion and receives the least :
Job felt it, when he groan'd beneath the rod
And the barb'd arrows of a frowning God ;
And such emollients as his friends could spare,
Friends such as his for modern Jobs prepare.
Blest, rather curst, with hearts that never feel,
Kept snug in caskets of close-hammer'd steel,
With mouths made only to grin wide and eat,
And minds, that deem derided pain a treat,
With limbs of British oak, and nerves of wire,
And wit that puppet-prompters might inspire,
Their sov'reign nostrum is a clumsy joke,
Or pangs enforc'd with God's severest stroke.

But with a soul, that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing :
Not to molest, or irritate, or raise
A laugh at his expense, is slender praise ;
He, that has not usurp'd the name of man,
Does all, and deems too little all, he can,
T' assuage the throbbings of a fester'd part,
And stanch the bleedings of a broken heart.
'T is not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forg'ry of fancy, and a dream of woes ;
Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony dispos'd aright ;
The screws revers'd, (a task which, if he please,
God in a moment executes with ease,)
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.
Then neither heathy wilds, nor scenes as fair
As ever recompens'd the peasant's care,
Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,
Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
Parks in which Art preceptress Nature weds,
Nor gardens interspers'd with flow'ry beds,
Nor gales, that catch the scent of blooming groves,
And waft it to the mourner as he roves,
Can call up life into his faded eye,
That passes all he sees unheeded by ;
No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
No cure for such, till God who makes them heals.
And thou, sad suff'rer under nameless ill,
That yields not to the touch of human skill,
Improve the kind occasion, understand
A Father's frown, and kiss his chast'ning hand.

To thee the dayspring, and the blaze of noon,
The purple ev'ning, and resplendent Moon,
The stars, that, sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
Seem drops descending in a show'r of light,
Shine not, or undesir'd and hated shine,
Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine :
Yet seek him, in his favour life is found,
All bliss beside a shadow or a sound :
Then Heav'n, eclips'd so long, and this dull Earth,
Shall seem to start into a second birth ;
Nature, assuming a more lovely face,
Borr'wing a beauty from the works of grace,
Shall be despis'd and overlook'd no more,
Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before,
Impart to things inanimate a voice,
And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice ;
The sound shall run along the winding vales,
And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.

Ye groves, (the statesman at his desk exclaims,
Sick of a thousand disappointed aims,)
My patrimonial treasure and my pride,
Beneath your shades your gray possessor hide,
Receive me languishing for that repose,
The servant of the public never knows.
Ye saw me once (ah those regretted days,
When boyish innocence was all my praise!)
Hour after hour delightfully allot
To studies then familiar, since forgot,
And cultivate a taste for ancient song,
Catching it's ardour as I mus'd along ;
Nor seldom, as propitious Heav'n might send,
What once I valu'd and could boast, a friend,

Were witnesses how cordially I press'd
His undissembling virtue to my breast ;
Receive me now, not uncorrupt as then,
Nor guiltless of corrupting other men,
But vers'd in arts, that, while they seem to stay
A falling empire, hasten it's decay.
To the fair haven of my native home,
The wreck of what I was, fatigued I come ;
For once I can approve the patriot's voice,
And make the course he recommends my choice :
We meet at last in one sincere desire,
His wish and mine both prompt me to retire.
'T is done — he steps into the welcome chaise,
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays,
That whirl away from business and debate
The disencumber'd Atlas of the state.
Ask not the boy, who, when the breeze of morn
First shakes the glitt'ring drops from ev'ry thorn,
Unfolds his flock, then under bank or bush
Sits linking cherry stones, or platt'ing rush,
How fair is freedom ? — he was always free :
To carve his rustic name upon a tree,
To snare the mole, or with ill-fashion'd hook
To draw th' incautious minnow from the brook,
Are life's prime pleasures in his simple view,
His flock the chief concern he ever knew ;
She shines but little in his heedless eyes,
The good we never miss we rarely prize :
But ask the noble drudge in state affairs,
Escap'd from office and it's constant cares,
What charms he sees in Freedom's smile express'd,
In Freedom lost so long, now repossess'd ;

The tongue, whose strains were cogent as commands,

Rever'd at home, and felt in foreign lands,
Shall own itself a stamm'rer in that cause,
Or plead it's silence as it's best applause.
He knows indeed that whether dress'd or rude,
Wild without art, or artfully subdued,
Nature in ev'ry form inspires delight,
But never mark'd her with so just a sight.
Her hedge-row shrubs, a variegated store,
With woodbine and wild roses mantled o'er,
Green balks and furrow'd lands, the stream that
spreads

It's cooling vapour o'er the dewy meads,
Downs, that almost escape th' inquiring eye,
That melt and fade into the distant sky,
Beauties he lately slighted as he pass'd,
Seem all created since he travell'd last.
Master of all th' enjoyments he design'd,
No rough annoyance rankling in his mind,
What early philosophic hours he keeps,
How regular his meals, how sound he sleeps!
Not sounder he, that on the mainmast-head,
While morning kindles with a windy red,
Begins a long look-out for distant land,
Nor quits till ev'ning watch his giddy stand,
Then swift descending with a seaman's haste,
Slips to his hammock, and forgets the blast.
He chooses company, but not the squire's,
Whose wit is rudeness, whose good-breeding tires;
Nor yet the parson's, who would gladly come,
Obsequious when abroad, though proud at home;

Nor can he much affect the neighb'ring peer,
Whose toe of emulation treads too near ;
But wisely seeks a more convenient friend,
With whom, dismissing forms, he may unbend ;
A man, whom marks of condescending grace
Teach, while they flatter him, his proper place ;
Who comes when call'd, and at a word withdraws,
Speaks with reserve, and listens with applause ;
Some plain mechanic, who, without pretence
To birth or wit, nor gives nor takes offence ;
On whom he rests well-pleas'd his weary pow'rs,
And talks and laughs away his vacant hours.
The tide of life, swift always in its course,
May run in cities with a brisker force,
But no where with a current so serene,
Or half so clear, as in the rural scene.
Yet how fallacious is all earthly bliss,
What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss ;
Some pleasures live a month, and some a year,
But short the date of all we gather here ;
No happiness is felt except the true,
'That does not charm the more for being new.
This observation, as it chanc'd, not made,
Or, if the thought occur'd, not duly weigh'd,
He sighs — for after all by slow degrees
The spot he lov'd has lost the pow'r to please ;
To cross his ambling pony day by day
Seems at the best but dreaming life away ;
The prospect, such as might enchant despair,
He views it not, or sees no beauty there ;
With aching heart, and discontented looks,
Returns at noon to billiards or to books,

But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
A secret thirst of his renounc'd employs.
He chides the tardiness of ev'ry post,
Pants to be told of battles won or lost,
Blames his own indolence, observes, though late,
'T is criminal to leave a sinking state,
Flies to the levee, and receiv'd with grace,
Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread the encroachment of our growing streets,
Tight boxes, neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who, gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
O sweet retirement, who would balk the thought,
That could afford retirement, or could not?
'T is such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,
The second milestone fronts the garden gate;
A step if fair, and, if a show'r approach,
You find safe shelter in the next stage-coach.
There, prison'd in a parlour snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,
'The man of business and his friends compress'd
Forget their labours, and yet find no rest;
But still 't is rural — trees are to be seen
From ev'ry window, and the fields are green;
Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,
And what could a remoter scene show more?
A sense of elegance we rarely find
The portion of a mean or vulgar mind,
And ignorance of better things makes man,
Who cannot much, rejoice in what he can;

And he, that deems his leisure well bestow'd
In contemplation of a turnpike road,
Is occupied as well, employs his hours
As wisely, and as much improves his pow'ra,
As he, that slumbers in pavilions grac'd
With all the charms of an accomplish'd taste.
Yet hence, alas ! insolvencies ; and hence
Th' unpitied victim of ill-judg'd expense,
From all his wearisome engagements freed,
Shakes hands with business, and retires indeed.

Your prudent grand-mammas, ye modern belles,
Content with Bristol, Bath, and Tunbridge Wells,
When health required it would consent to roam,
Else more attach'd to pleasures found at home.
But now alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,
Ingenious to diversify dull life,
In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,
Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys,
And all, impatient of dry land, agree
With one consent to rush into the sea. —
Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,
Much of the pow'r and majesty of God.
He swathes about the swelling of the deep,
That shines and rests, as infants smile and sleep ;
Vast as it is, it answers as it flows
The breathings of the lightest air that blows ;
Curling and whit'ning over all the waste,
The rising waves obey th' increasing blast,
Abrupt and horrid as the tempest roars,
Thunder and flash upon the stedfast shores,
Till he, that rides the whirlwind, checks the rein,
Then all the world of waters sleeps again. —

Nereids or Dryads, as the fashion leads,
Now in the floods, now panting in the meads,
Vot'ries of Pleasure still, where'er she dwells,
Near barren rocks, in palaces, or cells,
O grant a poet leave to recommend
(A poet fond of Nature, and your friend)
Her slighted works to your admiring view ;
Her works must needs excel, who fashion'd you.
Would ye, when rambling in your morning ride,
With some unmeaning coxcomb at your side,
Condemn the prattler for his idle pains,
To waste unheard the music of his strains,
And, deaf to all th' impertinence of tongue,
That, while it courts, affronts and does you wrong,
Mark well the finish'd plan without a fault,
The seas globose and huge, th' o'er-arching vault,
Earth's millions daily fed, a world employ'd
In gath'ring plenty yet to be enjoy'd,
Till gratitude grew vocal in the praise
Of God, beneficent in all his ways ;
Grac'd with such wisdom, how would beauty shine !
Ye want but that to seem indeed divine.

Anticipated rents, and bills unpaid,
Force many a shining youth into the shade,
Not to redeem his time, but his estate,
And play the fool, but at a cheaper rate.
There, hid in loath'd obscurity, remov'd
From pleasures left, but never more belov'd,
He just endures, and with a sickly spleen
Sighs o'er the beauties of the charming scene.
Nature indeed looks prettily in rhyme ;
Streams tinkle sweetly in poetic chime :

The warblings of the blackbird, clear and strong,
Are musical enough in Thomson's song ;
And Cobham's groves, and Windsor's green retreats,
When Pope describes them, have a thousand sweets ;
He likes the country, but in truth must own,
Most likes it, when he studies it in town.

Poor Jack — no matter who — for when I blame,
I pity, and must therefore sink the name,
Liv'd in his saddle, lov'd the chase, the course,
And always, ere he mounted, kiss'd his horse.
The estate, his sires had own'd in ancient years,
Was quickly distanc'd, match'd against a peer's.
Jack vanish'd, was regretted and forgot ;
'T is wild good-nature's never-failing lot.
At length, when all had long suppos'd him dead,
By cold submersion, razor, rope, or lead,
My lord, alighting at his usual place,
The Crown, took notice of an ostler's face.
Jack knew his friend, but hop'd in that disguise
He might escape the most observing eyes,
And whistling, as if unconcern'd and gay,
Curried his nag, and look'd another way.
Convinc'd at last, upon a nearer view,
'T was he, the same, the very Jack he knew,
O'erwhelm'd at once with wonder, grief, and joy,
He press'd him much to quit his base employ ;
His countenance, his purse, his heart, his hand,
Influence and pow'r, were all at his command :
Peers are not always gen'rous as well bred,
But Granby was, meant truly what he said.
Jack bow'd, and was oblig'd — confess'd 't was
 strange,
That so retir'd he should not wish a change,

But knew no medium between guzzling beer,
And his old stint — three thousand pounds a year.

Thus some retire to nourish hopeless woe ;
Some seeking happiness not found below ;
Some to comply with humour, and a mind
To social scenes by nature disinclin'd ;
Some sway'd by fashion, some by deep disgust ;
Some self-impov'rish'd, and because they must ;
But few, that court Retirement, are aware
Of half the toils they must encounter there.

Lucrative offices are seldom lost
For want of pow'rs proportion'd to the post :
Give ev'n a dunce th' employment he desires,
And he soon finds the talents it requires ;
A business with an income at it's heels
Furnishes always oil for it's own wheels,
But in his arduous enterprise to close
His active years with indolent repose,
He finds the labours of that state exceed
His utmost faculties, severe indeed.
'T is easy to resign a toilsome place,
But not to manage leisure with a grace ,
Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
The vet'ran steed, excus'd his task at length,
In kind compassion of his failing strength,
And turn'd into the park or mead to graze,
Exempt from future service all his days,
There feels a pleasure perfect in it's kind,
Ranges at liberty, and snuffs the wind :
But when his lord would quit the busy road,
To taste a joy like that he had bestow'd,

He proves, less happy than his favour'd brute,
A life of ease a difficult pursuit.
Thought, to the man that never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream ;
But reveries (for human minds will act)
Specious in show, impossible in fact,
Those flimsy webs, that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought :
Nor yet the swarms, that occupy the brain,
Where dreams of dress, intrigue, and pleasure
 reign ;
Nor such as useless conversation breeds,
Or lust engenders, and indulgence feeds.
Whence, and what are we ? to what end ordain'd ?
What means the drama by the world sustain'd ?
Business or vain amusement, care or mirth,
Divide the frail inhabitants of Earth.
Is duty a mere sport, or an employ ?
Life an intrusted talent, or a toy ?
Is there, as reason, conscience, Scripture, say,
Cause to provide for a great future day,
When, Earth's assign'd duration at an end,
Man shall be summon'd and the dead attend ?
The trumpet — will it sound ? the curtain rise ?
And show th' august tribunal of the skies,
Where no prevarication shall avail,
Where eloquence and artifice shall fail,
The pride of arrogant distinctions fall,
And conscience and our conduct judge us all ?
Pardon me, ye that give the midnight oil
To learned cares or philosophic toil,
Though I revere your honourable names,
Your useful labours and important aims,

And hold the world indebted to your aid,
Enrich'd with the discov'ries ye have made ;
Yet let me stand excus'd, if I esteem
A mind employ'd on so sublime a theme,
Pushing her bold inquiry to the date
And outline of the present transient state,
And, after poisoning her advent'rous wings,
Settling at last upon eternal things,
Far more intelligent and better taught
The strenuous use of profitable thought,
Than ye, when happiest and enlighten'd most,
And highest in renown, can justly boast.

A mind unnerv'd, or indispos'd to bear
The weight of subjects worthiest of her care,
Whatever hopes a change of scene inspires,
Must change her nature, or in vain retires.
An idler is a watch, that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes, as when it stands.
Books therefore, not the scandal of the shelves,
In which lewd sensualists print out themselves ;
Nor those, in which the stage gives vice a blow,
With what success let modern manners show ;
Nor his, who, for the bane of thousands born,
Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn,
Skilful alike to seem devout and just,
And stab religion with a sly side-thrust ;
Nor those of learn'd philologists, who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark ;
But such as learning without false pretence,
The friend of truth, th' associate of sound sense,

And such as in the zeal of good design,
Strong judgment lab'ring in the Scripture mine,
All such as manly and great souls produce,
Worthy to live, and of eternal use :
Behold in these what leisure hours demand,
Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.
Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,
And, while she polishes, perverts the taste ;
Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
Till authors hear at length one gen'ral cry,
Tickle and entertain us, or we die.
The loud demand, from year to year the same,
Beggars Invention, and makes Fancy lame ;
Till farce itself, most mournfully jejune,
Calls for the kind assistance of a tune ;
And novels (witness every month's review)
Belie their name, and offer nothing new.
The mind, relaxing into needful sport,
Should turn to writers of an abler sort,
Whose wit well manag'd, and whose classic style,
Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.
Friends, (for I cannot stint, as some have done,
Too rigid in my view, that name to one ;
Though one, I grant it, in the gen'rous breast
Will stand advanc'd a step above the rest :
Flow'rs by that name promiscuously we call,
But one, the rose, the regent of them all,)—
Friends, not adopted with a schoolboy's haste,
But chosen with a nice discerning taste,
Well-born, well-disciplin'd, who, plac'd apart
From vulgar minds, have honour much at heart,

And, though the world may think th' ingredients odd,
The love of virtue, and the fear of God!
Such friends prevent what else would soon succeed,
A temper rustic as the life we lead,
And keep the polish of the manners clean,
As theirs who bustle in the busiest scene;
For solitude, however some may rave,
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave,
A sepulchre, in which the living lie,
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.
I praise the Frenchman*, his remark was shrewd —
How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper — solitude is sweet.
Yet neither these delights, nor aught beside,
That appetite can ask, or wealth provide,
Can save us always from a tedious day,
Or shine the dulness of still life away;
Divine communion, carefully enjoy'd,
Or sought with energy, must fill the void.
O sacred art, to which alone life owes
It's happiest seasons, and a peaceful close,
Scorn'd in a world, indebted to that scorn
For evils daily felt and hardly borne,
Not knowing thee, we reap with bleeding hands
Flow'rs of rank odour upon thorny lands,
And, while experience cautions us in vain,
Grasp seeming happiness, and find it pain.
Despondence, self-deserted in her grief,
Lost by abandoning her own relief,

* Bruyere.

Murmuring and ungrateful Discontent,
That scorns afflictions mercifully meant,
Those humours tart as wines upon the fret,
Which idleness and weariness beget ;
These, and a thousand plagues, that haunt the breast,
Fond of the phantom of an earthly rest,
Divine communion chases, as the day
Drives to their dens th' obedient beasts of prey.
See Judah's promis'd king bereft of all,
Driv'n out an exile from the face of Saul,
To distant caves the lonely wand'rer flies,
To seek that peace a tyrant's frown denies.
Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice,
Hear him, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, yet rejoice ;
No womanish or wailing grief has part,
No, not a moment, in his royal heart ;
'T is manly music, such as martyrs make,
Suff'ring with gladness for a Saviour's sake ;
His soul exults, hope animates his lays,
The sense of mercy kindles into praise,
And wilds, familiar with a lion's roar,
Ring with ecstatic sounds unheard before :
'T is love like his, that can alone defeat
The foes of man, or make a desert sweet.

Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumber'd pleasures harmlessly pursued ;
To study culture, and with artful toil
To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil ;
To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
The grain, or herb, or plant, that each demands ;
To cherish virtue in an humble state,
And share the joys your bounty may create ;

To mark the matchless workings of the pow'r,
 That shuts within it's seed the future flow'r,
 Bids these in elegance of form excel,
 In colour these, and those delight the smell,
 Sends Nature forth the daughter of the skies,
 To dance on Earth, and charm all human eyes ;
 To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
 Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet —
 These, these are arts pursu'd without a crime,
 That leave no stain upon the wing of Time.

Me poetry (or rather notes that aim
 Feebly and vainly at poetic fame)
 Employs, shut out from more important views,
 Fast by the banks of the slow-winding Ouse ;
 Content if thus sequester'd I may raise
 A monitor's, though not a poet's praise,
 And while I teach an art too little known,
 To close life wisely, may not waste my own.

THE TASK.

Advertisement.

The history of the following production is briefly this : A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the author, and gave him the *SORA* for a subject. He obeyed ; and, having much leisure, connected another subject with it : and, pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair — a volume.

In the poem on the subject of Education, he would be very sorry to stand suspected of having aimed his censure at any particular school. His objections are such as naturally apply themselves to schools in general. If there were not, as for the most part there is, wilful neglect in those who manage them, and an omission even of such discipline as they are susceptible of, the objects are yet too numerous for minute attention; and the aching hearts of ten thousand parents, mourning under the bitterest of all disappointments, attest the truth of the allegation. His quarrel, therefore, is with the mischief at large, and not with any particular instance of it.

Book I.

*THE SOFA.**Argument.*

Historical deduction of seats, from the stool to the Sofa. A school-boy's ramble. A walk in the country. The scene described. Rural sounds as well as sights delightful. Another walk. Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected. Colonnades commended. Alcove, and the view from it. The wilderness. The grove. The thresher. The necessity and the benefits of exercise. The works of nature superior to, and, in some instances, inimitable by, art. The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure. Change of scene sometimes expedient. A common described, and the character of Crazy Kate introduced. Gipsies. The blessings of civilized life. That state most favourable to virtue. The South-Sea islanders compassionated, but chiefly Omai. His present

state of mind supposed. Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities. Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praises, but censured. Fête-champêtre. The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures.

I SING the Sofa. I, who lately sang
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touch'd with awe
'The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Escap'd with pain from that advent'rous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme ;
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
Th' occasion — for the Fair commands the song.

Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none.
As yet black breeches were not ; satin smooth,
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile :
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Wash'd by the sea, or on the grav'llly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, repos'd his weary strength.
Those barb'rous ages past, succeeded next
The birth-day of Invention ; weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint stools were then created ; on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms :
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear,
May still be seen ; but perforated sore

And drill'd in holes, the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eating through and through.

At length a generation more refin'd
Improv'd the simple plan ; made three legs four,
Gave them a twisted form vermicular,
And o'er the seat, with plenteous wadding stuff'd,
Induc'd a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tap'stry richly wrought
And woven close, or needle-work sublime.
There might ye see the piony spread wide,
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
Lapdog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.

Now came the cane from India smooth and bright
With Nature's varnish ; sever'd into stripes,
That interlac'd each other, these supplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that brac'd
The new machine, and it became a chair.
But restless was the chair ; the back erect
Distress'd the weary loins, that felt no ease ;
The slipp'ry seat betray'd the sliding part,
That press'd it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.
These for the rich ; the rest, whom Fate had plac'd
In modest mediocrity, content
With base materials, sat on well-tann'd hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,
Or scarlet crewel, in the cushion fix'd,
If cushion might be call'd, what harder seem'd
Than the firm oak, of which the frame was form'd
No want of timber then was felt or fear'd

In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood
Pond'rous and fix'd by it's own massy weight.
But elbows still were wanting ; these, some say,
An alderman of Cripplegate contriv'd ;
And some ascribe th' invention to a priest,
Burly, and big, and studious of his ease.
But rude at first, and not with easy slope
Receding wide, they press'd against the ribs,
And bruis'd the side ; and, elevated high,
Taught the rais'd shoulders to invade the ears.
Long time elaps'd or e'er our rugged sires
Complain'd, though incommodiously pent in,
And ill at ease behind. The ladies first
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.
Ingenuous Fancy, never better pleas'd,
Than when employ'd t' accommodate the fair,
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devis'd
The soft settee ; one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow it received,
United yet divided, twain at once.
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne ;
And so two citizens, who take the air,
Close pack'd, and smiling, in a chaise and one.
But relaxation of the languid frame,
By soft recumbency of outstretch'd limbs,
Was bliss reserv'd for happier days. So slow
The growth of what is excellent ; so hard
T' attain perfection in this nether world.
Thus first Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And Luxury th' accomplish'd Sofa last.
The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick,

Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he,
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour,
To sleep within the carriage more secure ;
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
The tedious rector drawling o'er his head ;
And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep
Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead ;
Nor his, who quits the box at midnight hour,
To slumber in the carriage more secure ;
Nor sleep enjoy'd by curate in his desk ;
Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, as sweet,
Compar'd with the repose the Sofa yields.

O may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe
Of libertine Excess. The Sofa suits
The gouty limb, 't is true ; but gouty limb,
Though on a Sofa, may I never feel :
For I have lov'd the rural walk through lanes,
Of grassy swarth, close-cropp'd by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs ; have lov'd the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,
E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds,
'T enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames ;
And still remember, nor without regret,
Of hours, that sorrow since has much endear'd,
How oft, my slice of pocket-store consum'd,
Still hung'ring, pennyless, and far from home,
I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
Or blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss

The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
Hard fare ! but such as boyish appetite
Disdains not ; nor the palate, undeprav'd
By culinary arts, unsav'ry deems.
No Sofa then awaited my return !
Nor Sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue ; and, though our years,
As life declines, speed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep ;
A tooth, or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and colour from the locks they spare ;
The elastic spring of an unwearied foot,
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,]
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfer'd yet ; nor yet impair'd
My relish of fair prospect ; scenes that sooth'd
Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing, and of pow'r to charm me still.
And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire —
Witness a joy that thou hast doubted long.
Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjur'd up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all

How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy !
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;
Displaying on it's varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
Scenes must be beautiful, which daily view'd
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.
Praise justly due to those that I describe.
Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike

The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night : nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought
Devis'd the weather-house, that useful toy !
Fearless of humid air and gath'ring rains,
Forth steps the man — an emblem of myself !
More delicate his tim'rous mate retires.
When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet,
Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,

The task of new discov'ries falls on me.
At such a season, and with such a charge,
Once went I forth; and found, till then unknown,
A cottage, whither oft we since repair:
'T is perch'd upon the green hill top, but close
Environ'd with a ring of branching elms,
That overhang the thatch, itself unseen
Peeps at the vale below; so thick beset
With foliage of such dark redundant growth,
I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the Peasant's Nest.
And, hidden as it is, and far remote
From such unpleasing sounds, as haunt the ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs
Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clam'rous whether pleas'd or pain'd,
Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine.
"Here," I have said, "at least I should possess
The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure."
Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat
Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
Its elevated site forbids the wretch
To drink sweet waters of the crystal well:
He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
And, heavy laden, brings his bev'rage home,
Far fetch'd and little worth; nor seldom waits,
Dependant on the baker's punctual call,
To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
Angry, and sad, and his last crust consum'd.
So farewell envy of the Peasant's Nest!
If solitude make scant the means of life,
Society for me! — thou seeming sweet,

Be still a pleasing object in my view ;
My visit still, but never mine abode.

Not distant far a length of colonnade
Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns ; and in their shaded walks
And long protracted bow'rs, enjoy'd at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.
We bear our shades about us : self-depriv'd
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,
And range an Indian waste without a tree.
Thanks to Benevolus * — he spares me yet
These chesnuts rang'd in corresponding lines ;
And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves
The obsolete prolixity of shade.

Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge,
We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
Hence, ancle deep in moss and flow'ry thyme
We mount again, and feel at ev'ry step
Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures Earth ; and, plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done.

The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove

* John Courtney Throckmorton, Esq. of Weston
Underwood.

That crowns it ! yet not all its pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impress'd
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the zeal t' immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that ev'n a few,
Few transient years, won from th' abyss abhorr'd
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye ;
And, posted on this speculative height,
Exults in it's command. The sheep-fold here
Pours out it's fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field ; but, scatter'd by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sun-burnt hay-field homeward creeps
The loaded wain ; while, lighten'd of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by ;
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vocif'rous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of ev'ry growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades ;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has it's charms,
Though each it's hue peculiar ; paler some
And of a wannish gray ; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,

And ash, far-stretching his umbrageous arm ;
Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leav'd, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours : nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours bright.
O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interpos'd between),
The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
And such the re-ascent ; between them weeps
A little naiad her improv'rish'd urn
All summer long, which winter fills again.
The folded gates would bar my progress now,
But that the lord * of this enclos'd demesne,
Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a share ; the guiltless eye
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.
Refreshing change ! where now the blazing Sun ?
By short transition we have lost his glare,
And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.
Ye fallen avenues ! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice,
That yet a remnant of your race survives.

* See the foregoing note.

How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems ! while beneath
The checker'd earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And dark'ning and enlight'ning, as the leaves
Play wanton, ev'ry moment, ev'ry spot. [cheer'd,

And now, with nerves new-brac'd and spirits
We tread the wilderness, whose well-roll'd walks,
With curvature of slow and easy sweep —
Deception innocent — give ample space
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next ;
Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.
Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destin'd ear. Wide flies the chaff,
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist
Of atoms, sparkling in the noon-day beam.
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not ; see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it. — 'T is the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy ; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the World.

Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious ; oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleans'd
By restless undulation : ev'n the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm :
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
Th' impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder : but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fix'd below, the more disturb'd above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When Custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need : the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he forfeits ev'n the rest he loves.
Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By it's true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, it's associate in the most,
Good temper ; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task ;
The pow'rs of fancy and strong thought are theirs ;
Ev'n age itself seems privileg'd in them
With clear exemption from it's own defects.

A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The vet'ran shows, and, gracing a gray beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires — an idol, at whose shrine
Who oft'nest sacrifice are favour'd least.
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
Is Nature's dictate. Strange! there should be found,
Who, self-imprison'd in their proud salons,
Renounce the odours of the open field
For the unscented fictions of the loom ;
Who, satisfied with only pencill'd scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God
Th' inferior wonders of an artist's hand !
Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art ;
But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
Who shows me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls :
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye — sweet Nature's, ev'ry sense.
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods — no works of man
May rival these, these all bespeak a pow'r
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast ;
'T is free to all — 't is ev'ry day renew'd ;
Who scorns it starves deservedly at home.
He does not scorn it, who, imprison'd long

In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Escapes at last to liberty and light :
His cheek recovers soon it's healthful hue ;
His eye relumines it's extinguish'd fires ;
He walks, he leaps, he runs — is wing'd with joy,
And riots in the sweets of ev'ry breeze.
He does not scorn it, who has long endur'd
A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.
Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflam'd
With acrid salts ; his very heart athirst,
To gaze at Nature in her green array,
Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd
With visions prompted by intense desire :
Fair fields appear below, such as he left
Far distant, such as he would die to find —
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'er shade, distort,
And mar, the face of Beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears,
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb, the heart
Recoils from it's own choice — at the full feast
Is famish'd — finds no music in the song,

No smartness in the jest ; and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand,
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences ; and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters ; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet ev'n these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he,
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
They love it, and yet loath it ; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them ? No — the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits, all forbid.

Whom call we gay ? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay — the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring over-shoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those,
Whose headaches nail them to a noontday bed ;

And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance ;
From gaiety, that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

The Earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, might be indulg'd.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade ; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smile, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the shelter'd vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us ; happy to renounce awhile,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock may please,
That hides the seamew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man. His hoary head,
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner,
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-wither'd shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform'd,
And dang'rous to the touch, has yet it's bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble ; there the turf
Smells fresh, and, rich in odorif'rous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd
With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
A serving maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves
To distant shores ; and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers ; fancy too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death —
And never smil'd again ! and now she roams
The dreary waste ; there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tatter'd still ; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve ; but needful food,
Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinch'd with cold, asks never. — Kate is
craz'd.

I see a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood, that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel — flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin'd
From his accustom'd perch. Hard-faring race !

They pick their fuel out of ev'ry hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves un-
quench'd

The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their flutt'ring rags, and shows a tawny skin,
'The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place ;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
Strange ! that a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature ; and, though capable of arts,
By which the world might profit, and himself,
Self-banish'd from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil !
Yet even these, though feigning sickness oft
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When safe occasion offers ; and with dance,
And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world ;
And, breathing wholesome air, and wand'ring much,
Need other physic none to heal th' effects
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.

Blest he, though undistinguish'd from the crowd
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,

The manners and the arts of civil life.
His wants indeed are many; but supply
Is obvious, plac'd within the easy reach
Of temp'rate wishes and industrious hands.
Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil;
Not rude and surly, and beset with thorns,
And terrible to sight, as when she springs
(If e'er she spring spontaneous) in remote
And barb'rous climes, where violence prevails,
And strength is lord of all; but gentle, kind,
By culture tam'd, by liberty refresh'd,
And all her fruits by radiant truth matur'd.
War and the chase engross the savage whole;
War follow'd for revenge, or to supplant
The envied tenants of some happier spot:
The chase for sustenance, precarious trust!
His hard condition with severe constraint
Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth
Of wisdom, proves a school, in which he learns
Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate,
Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside.
Thus fare the shiv'ring natives of the north,
And thus the rangers of the western world,
Where it advances far into the deep,
Tow'rd the antarctic. Ev'n the favour'd isles
So lately found, although the constant Sun
Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,
Can boast but little virtue; and, inert
Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain
In manners — victims of luxurious ease.
These therefore I can pity, plac'd remote
From all that science traces, 'art invents,

Or inspiration teaches ; and enclos'd
In boundless oceans never to be pass'd
By navigators uninform'd as they,
Or plow'd perhaps by British bark again :
But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,
Thee, gentle savage! * whom no love of thee
Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,
Or else vain-glory, prompted us to draw
Forth from thy native bow'rs, to show thee here
With what superior skill we can abuse
The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
The dream is past ; and thou hast found again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But hast thou
found

Their former charms ? And, having seen our state,
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
And heard our music ; are thy simple friends,
Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,
As dear to thee as once ? And have thy joys
Lost nothing by comparison with ours ?
Rude as thou art, (for we return'd thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward show,)
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
And spiritless, as never to regret
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,
And asking of the surge, that bathes thy foot,
If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.

* Omai.

I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
A patriot's for his country : thou art sad
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
From which no pow'r of thine can raise her up.
Thus Fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,
Perhaps errs little, when she paints thee thus.
She tells me too, that duly ev'ry morn
Thou climb'st the mountain-top, with eager eye
Exploring far and wide the wat'ry waste
For sight of ship from England. Ev'ry speck
Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
With conflict of contending hopes and fears,
But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
And sends thee to thy cabin, well-prepar'd
To dream all night of what the day denied.
Alas ! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade.
We travel far, 't is true, but not for nought ;
And must be brib'd to compass Earth again
By other hopes and richer fruits than yours.

But though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft : in proud, and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of ev'ry land.
In cities foul example on most minds
Begets it's likeness. Rank abundance breeds,
In gross and pamper'd cities, sloth, and lust,
And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.

In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach ; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.
I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
In which they flourish most ; where in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst.
There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much ;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She plows a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms so'er she will,
The richest scen'ry and the loveliest forms.
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots ?
In London. Where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world ?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,

As London — opulent, enlarg'd, and still
Increasing, London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the Earth than she,
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two,
That so much beauty would do well to purge ;
And show this queen of cities, that so fair
May yet be foul ; so witty, yet not wise.
It is not seemly, nor of good report,
That she is slack in discipline ; more prompt
T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law :
That she is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oft-times honour too,
To peculators of the public gold ;
That thieves at home must hang ; but he, that puts
Into his overgorg'd and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of Holy Writ, she has presum'd t' annul
And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
The total ordinance and will of God ;
Advancing Fashion to the post of Truth,
And cent'ring all authority in modes
And customs of her own, till sabbath-rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
And knees and hassocks are well nigh divorc'd.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts,
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught,
That life holds out to all, should most abound

And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only can ye shine;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes; the thrush departs
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made what enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

BOOK II.

*THE TIME-PIECE.**Argument.*

Reflections suggested by the conclusion of the former book. Peace among the nations recommended on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow. Prodigies enumerated. Sicilian earthquakes. Man rendered obnoxious to

these calamities by sin. God the agent in them. The philosophy that stops at secondary causes reprov'd. Our own late miscarriages accounted for. Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fontaine-Bleau. But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation. The reverend advertiser of engraved sermons. Petit-maitre parson. The good preacher. Picture of a theatrical clerical coxcomb. Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reprov'd. Apostrophe to popular applause. Retailers of ancient philosophy expostulated with. Sum of the whole matter. Effects of sacerdotal mismanagement on the laity. Their folly and extravagance. The mischiefs of profusion. Profusion itself, with all it's consequent evils, ascribed, as to it's principal cause, to the want of discipline in the universities.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which Earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man ; the nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own ; and having pow'r
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith

Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplor'd
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth,
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home — Then why abroad ?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That 's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's pow'r
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Sure there is need of social intercourse

Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations in a world, that seems
To toll the death-bell of it's own decease,
And by the voice of all it's elements
To preach the gen'ral doom.* When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
Fires from beneath, and meteors † from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; and th' old
And crazy Earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.
Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
And Nature ‡ with a dim and sickly eye
To wait the close of all? But grant her end
More distant, and that prophecy demands
A longer respite, unaccomplish'd yet;
Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak
Displeasure in His breast, who smites the Earth
Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice.
And 't is but seemly, that, where all deserve
And stand expos'd by common peccancy
To what no few have felt, there should be peace,
And brethren in calamity should love.
Alas for Sicily! rude fragments now
Lie scatter'd, where the shapely column stood.

* Alluding to the calamities in Jamaica.

† August 18. 1783.

‡ Alluding to the fog, that covered both Europe
and Asia during the whole summer of 1783.

Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing and the sprightly chord
Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause ;
While God performs upon the trembling stage
Of his own works his dreadful part alone.
How does the Earth receive him? — with what signs
Of gratulation and delight her king ?
Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad,
Her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums,
Disclosing Paradise where'er he treads ?
She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders through a thousand deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot.
The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,
For he has touch'd them. From th' extremest point
Of elevation down into the abyss
His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong, and the valleys rise,
The rivers die into offensive pools,
And charg'd with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
And mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid was, by transformation strange,
Grows fluid ; and the fix'd and rooted earth,
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down it's prey insatiable. Immense
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on ev'ry side,
And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
Migrates uplifted ; and with all its soil

Alighting in far distant fields, finds out
A new possessor, and survives the change.
Ocean has caught the phrenzy, and, upwrought
To an enormous and o'erbearing height,
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice,
Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore
Resistless. Never such a sudden flood,
Upridg'd so high, and sent on such a charge,
Possess'd an inland scene. Where now the throng
That press'd the beach, and, hasty to depart,
Look'd to the sea for safety? They are gone,
Gone with the reflux wave into the deep
A prince with half his people! Ancient tow'rs,
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes,
Where beauty oft and letter'd worth consume
Life in the unproductive shades of death,
Fall prone: the pale inhabitants come forth,
And, happy in their unforeseen release
From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day, that sets them free.
Who then, that has thee, would not hold thee fast,
Freedom! whom they that lose thee so regret,
That ev'n a judgment, making way for thee,
Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy sake?

Such evil Sin hath wrought; and such a flame
Kindled in Heav'n, that it burns down to Earth,
And in the furious inquest, that it makes
On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.
The very elements, though each be meant
The minister of man, to serve his wants,
Conspire against him. With his breath he draws
A plague into his blood; and cannot use

Life's necessary means, but he must die.
Storms rise t' o'erwhelm him : or if stormy winds
Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,
And, needing none assistance of the storm,
Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there.
The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,
Or make his house his grave : nor so content,
Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
And drown him in her dry and dusty gulfs.
What then ! were they the wicked above all,
And we the righteous, whose fast-anchor'd isle
Mov'd not, while theirs was rock'd, like a light skiff,
The sport of ev'ry wave ? No : none are clear,
And none than we more guilty. But, where all
Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts
Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark :
May punish, if he please, the less, to warn
The more malignant. If he spar'd not them,
Tremble and be amaz'd at thine escape,
Far guiltier England, lest he spare not thee !

Happy the man, who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill, that chequer life !
Resolving all events with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate) ; could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan ;
Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb

The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-ey'd
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks ;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the pow'r, that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men,
That live an atheist life : involves the Heav'ns
In tempests ; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury ; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming Health.
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles : of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects ;
Of action and re-action : he has found
The source of the disease, that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool ! will thy discov'ry of the cause
Suspend th' effect, or heal it ? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the world ?
And did he not of old employ his means,
To drown it ? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will ?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve ; ask of him,

Or ask of whomsoever he has taught ;
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.
England, with all thy faults, I love thee still —
My country ! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flow'r, for warmer France
With all her vines : nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task :
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thund'rer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminate, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense, [smooth
Should England prosper, when such things, as
And tender as a girl, all essenc'd o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet ;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight ; when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause ?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In ev'ry clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough

To fill th' ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother's tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter ; they have fall'n
Each in his field of glory ; one in arms,
And one in council — Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame !
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secur'd it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all lov'd.
Those suns are set. O rise some other such !
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savour maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility ! Breathe soft,
Ye clarionets ; and softer still, ye flutes ;
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore !
True, we have lost an empire — let it pass.
True ; we may thank the perfidy of France,
That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
With all the cunning of an envious shrew.
And let that pass — 't was but a trick of state !

A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.
And, sham'd as we have been, to th' very beard
Brav'd and defied, and in our own sea prov'd
Too weak for those decisive blows, that once
Ensured us mast'ry there, we yet retain
Some small pre-eminence ; we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own !
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And show the shame, ye might conceal at home,
In foreign eyes ! — be grooms and win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown ! —
'T is gen'rous to communicate your skill
To those that need it. Folly is soon learn'd :
And under such preceptors who can fail !

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
Th' expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win —
'T arrest the fleeting images, that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit, till he has pencill'd off
A faithful likeness of the forms he views ;
Then to dispose his copies with such art,
That each may find it's most propitious light,
And shine by situation, hardly less
Than by the labour and the skill it cost ;
Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought

With such address from themes of sad import,
That, lost in his own musings, happy man !
He feels th' anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
Such joys has he that sings. But ah ! not such,
Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.
Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps
Aware of nothing arduous in a task
They never undertook, they little note
His dangers or escapes, and haply find
Their least amusement where he found the most.
But is amusement all ? Studious of song,
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not trifle merely, though the world
Be loudest in their praise, who do no more.
Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay ?
It may correct a foible, may chastise
The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,
Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch ;
But where are it's sublimer trophies found ?
What vice has it subdued ? whose heart reclaim'd
By rigour, or whom laugh'd into reform ?
Alas ! Leviathan is not so tam'd :
Laugh'd at, he laughs again ; and stricken hard
Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,
That fear no discipline of human hands.

The pulpit, therefore, (and I name it fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing,) —
The pulpit, (when the sat'rist has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte,) —

I say the pulpit (In the sober use
Of it's legitimate, peculiar pow'rs,) [stand.
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies! — His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
It's thunders, and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heav'nly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by ev'ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war
The sacramental host of God's elect!
Are all such teachers? — Would to Heaven all were!
But hark — the doctor's voice! fast wedg'd between
Two empirics he stands, and with swoln cheeks
Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
Than all invective is his bold harangue,
While through that public organ of report
He hails the clergy; and, defying shame,
Announces to the world his own and theirs!
He teaches those to read, whom schools dismiss'd,
And colleges, untaught; sells accent, tone,
And emphasis in score, and gives to pray'r
Th' *adagio* and *andante* it demands.
He grinds divinity of other days
Down into modern use; transforms old print

To zig-zag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gall'ry critics by a thousand arts.
Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware?
O name it not in Gath! — it cannot be,
That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.
He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
Assuming thus a rank unknown before—
Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church!

I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof,
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say, that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepar'd, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride.
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls, that cannot teach, and will not learn.
Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,

Were he on Earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture ; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture ! — Is it like ? — Like whom ?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again ; pronounce a text ;
Cry — Hem ; and reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene !

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'T is my perfect scorn !
Object of my implacable disgust.
What ! — will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God ?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life ?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames

His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practis'd at the glass !
I seek divine simplicity in him,
Who handles things divine ; and all besides, [mir'd
Though learn'd with labour, and though much ad-
By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bestrid.
Some decent in demeanour while they preach,
That task perform'd, relapse into themselves ;
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye,
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not !
Forth comes the pocket mirror. — First we stroke
An eyebrow ; next compose a straggling lock ;
Then with an air most gracefully perform'd
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low :
The better hand more busy gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids th' indebted eye
With op'ra glass, to watch the moving scene,
And recognize the slow retiring fair. —
Now this is fulsome ; and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. A heav'nly mind
May be indiff'rent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care ;

But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint, in it's deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heav'nly mind — demands a doubt.

He, that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'T is pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul ;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation ; and t' address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart !
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No: he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms,
That he had tak'n in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.

O Popular Applause ! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms ?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales ;
But swell'd into a gust — who then, alas !
With all his canvass set, and inexpert,
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy pow'r ?
Praise from the rivell'd lips of toothless bald
Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean
And craving Poverty, and in the bow
Respectful of the smutch'd artificer,

Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
The bias of the purpose. How much more,
Pour'd forth by beauty splendid and polite,
In language soft as Adoration breathes?
Ah spare your idol! think him human still.
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too!
Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

All truth is from the sempiternal source
Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome,
Drew from the stream below. More favour'd we
Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain head.
To them it flow'd much mingled and defil'd
With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams
Illusive of philosophy, so call'd,
But falsely. Sages after sages strove
In vain to filter off a crystal draught
Pure from the lees, which often more enhanc'd
The thirst than slak'd it, and not seldom bred
Intoxication and delirium wild.

In vain they push'd inquiry to the birth [man?
And spring-time of the world; ask'd, Whence is
Why form'd at all? and wherefore as he is?
Where must he find his Maker? with what rites
Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless?
Or does he sit regardless of his works?
Has man within him an immortal seed?
Or does the tomb take all? If he survive
His ashes, where? and in what weal or woe?
Knots worthy of solution, which alone
A Deity could solve. Their answers, vague
And all at random, fabulous and dark,
Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,

Defective and unsanction'd, prov'd too weak,
To bind the roving appetite, and lead
Blind nature to a God not yet reveal'd.
'T is Revelation satisfies all doubts,
Explains all mysteries, except her own,
And so illuminates the path of life,
That fools discover it, and stray no more.
Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,
My man of morals, nurtur'd in the shades
Of Academus — is this false or true?
Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools?
If Christ, then why resort at ev'ry turn
To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short
Of man's occasions, when in him reside
Grace, knowledge, comfort — an unfathom'd store?
How oft, when Paul has serv'd us with a text,
Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preach'd!
Men that, if now alive, would sit content
And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,
Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,
Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too!

And thus it is — The pastor, either vain
By nature, or by flatt'ry made so, taught
To gaze at his own splendour, and t' exalt
Absurdly, not his office, but himself;
Or unenlighten'd, and too proud to learn;
Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach;
Perverting often by the stress of lewd
And loose example, whom he should instruct;
Exposes, and holds up to broad disgrace,
The noblest function, and discredits much
The brightest truths, that man has ever seen.

For ghostly counsel ; if it either fall
Below the exigence, or be not back'd
With show of love, at least with hopeful proof
Of some sincerity on the giver's part ;
Or be dishonour'd in th' exterior form
And mode of it's conveyance by such tricks,
As move derision, or by foppish airs
And histrionic mumm'ry, that let down
The pulpit to the level of the stage ;
Drops from the lips a disregarded thing.
The weak perhaps are mov'd, but are not taught,
While prejudice in men of stronger minds
Takes deeper root, confirm'd by what they see.
A relaxation of religion's hold
Upon the roving and untutor'd heart
Soon follows, and, the curb of conscience snapp'd,
The laity run wild. — But do they now ?
Note their extravagance, and be convinc'd.

As nations, ignorant of God, contrive
A wooden one ; so we, no longer taught
By monitors, that mother-church supplies,
Now make our own. Posterity will ask
(If e'er posterity see verse of mine)
Some fifty or a hundred lustrums hence,
What was a monitor in George's days ?
My very gentle reader, yet unborn,
Of whom I needs must augur better things,
Since Heav'n would sure grow weary of a world
Productive only of a race like ours,
A monitor is wood — plank shaven thin.
We wear it at our backs. There, closely brac'd
And neatly fitted, it compresses hard

The prominent and most unsightly bones,
And hinds the shoulders flat. We prove it's use
Sov'reign and most effectual to secure
A form, not now gymnastic as of yore,
From rickets and distortion, else our lot.
But thus admonish'd, we can walk erect —
One proof at least of manhood! while the friend
Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge.
Our habits, costlier than Lucullus wore,
And by caprice as multiplied as his,
Just please us while the fashion is at full,
But change with ev'ry moon. The sycophant,
Who waits to dress us, arbitrates their date;
Surveys his fair reversion with keen eye;
Finds one ill made, another obsolete;
This fits not nicely, that is ill-conceiv'd;
And, making prize of all that he condemns,
With our expenditure defrays his own.
Variety 's the very spice of life,
That gives it all it's flavour. We have run
Through ev'ry change, that Fancy, at the loom
Exhausted, has had genius to supply;
And, studious of mutation still, discard
A real elegance, a little us'd,
For monstrous novelty and strange disguise.
We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires;
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
What man that lives, and that knows how to live,
Would fail t' exhibit at the public shows

A form as splendid as the proudest there,
Though appetite raise outcries at the cost ?
A man o' the town dines late, but soon enough,
With reasonable forecast and dispatch,
T' ensure a side-box station at half-price.
You think, perhaps, so delicate his dress,
His daily fare as delicate. Alas !
He picks clean teeth, and, busy as he seems
With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet !
The rout is Folly's circle, which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none, decoy'd into that fatal ring,
Unless by Heav'n's peculiar grace, escape.
There we grow early gray, but never wise ;
There form connections, but acquire no friend ;
Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success ;
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second childhood, and devote old age
To sports, which only childhood could excuse.
There they are happiest, who dissemble best
Their weariness ; and they the most polite,
Who squander time and treasure with a smile,
Though at their own destruction. She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,
And hates their coming. They (what can they less ?)
Make just reprisals ; and with cringe and shrug,
And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.
All catch the phrenzy, downward from her grace,
Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,
And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,
To her, who, frugal only that her thrift
May feed excesses she can ill afford,

Is hackney'd home unlackey'd ; who, in haste
Alighting, turns the key in her own door,
And, at the watchman's lantern borr'wing light,
Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.
Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives,
On Fortune's velvet altar off'ring up
Their last poor pittance — Fortune, most severe
Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far
Than all, that held their routs in Juno's Heav'n. —
So fare we in this prison-house the World ;
And 't is a fearful spectacle to see
So many maniacs dancing in their chains.
They gaze upon the links, that hold them fast,
With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot,
Then shake them in despair, and dance again !

Now basket up the family of plagues,
That waste our vitals ; peculation, sale
Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds
By forgery, by subterfuge of law,
By tricks and lies as num'rous and as keen
As the necessities their authors feel ;
Then cast them, closely bundled, ev'ry brat
At the right door. Profusion is the sire.
Profusion, unrestrain'd with all that 's base
In character, has litter'd all the land,
And bred, within the mem'ry of no few,
A priesthood, such as Baal's was of old,
A people, such as never was till now.
It is a hungry vice : it eats up all,
That gives society it's beauty, strength,
Convenience, and security, and use :
Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapp'd

And gibbeted, as fast as catchpole claws
Can seize the slipp'ry prey : unties the knot
Of union, and converts the sacred band,
That holds mankind together, to a scourge.
Profusion, deluging a state with lusts
Of grossest nature and of worst effects,
Prepares it for its ruin : hardens, blinds,
And warps, the consciences of public men,
Till they can laugh at Virtue ; mock the fools,
That trust them ; and in th' end disclose a face,
That would have shock'd Credulity herself,
Unmask'd, vouchsafing this their sole excuse —
Since all alike are selfish, why not they ?
This does Profusion, and th' accursed cause
Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.

In colleges and halls in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips ; and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
That blush'd at it's own praise ; and press the youth
Close to his side, that pleas'd him. Learning grew
Beneath his care a thriving vig'rous plant ;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held

Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many overleap'd
The limits of controul, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke :
His frown was full of terroure, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favour back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years :
A palsy struck his arm ; his sparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age ; his voice, unstrung,
Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more
Than rev'rence in perverse rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend ; and Discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.
Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny
Became stone blind ; Precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued ;
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken ; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse ; and massy gates
Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch ;

Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade ;
The tassel'd cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mock'ry of the world ! What need of these
For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oft'ner seen
With belted waist and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty ? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot ;
And such expense, as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures ; buys the boy a name,
That sits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world, that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition, thus acquir'd,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd ?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly ; but to spoil him is a task,
That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
Now blame we most the nurslings or the nurse ?
The children crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd,
Through want of care ; or her, whose winking eye
And slumb'ring oscitancy mars the brood ?
The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
She needs herself correction ; needs to learn,
That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

All are not such. I had a brother once —
Peace to the mem'ry of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too !
Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,
When gay Good-nature dresses her in smiles.
He grac'd a college *, in which order yet
Was sacred ; and was honour'd, lov'd, and wept,
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.
Some minds are temper'd happily, and mix'd
With such ingredients of good sense, and taste
Of what is excellent in man, they thirst
With such a zeal to be what they approve,
That no restraints can circumscribe them more
Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake.
Nor can example hurt them : what they see
Of vice in others but enhancing more
The charms of virtue in their just esteem.
If such escape contagion, and emerge
Pure from so foul a pool to shine abroad,
And give the world their talents and themselves,
Small thanks to those, whose negligence or sloth
Expos'd their inexperience to the snare,
And left them to an undirected choice.

See then the quiver broken and decay'd,
In which are kept our arrows ! Rusting there
In wild disorder, and unfit for use,
What wonder, if, discharg'd into the world,
They shame their shooters with a random flight,
Their points obtuse, and feathers drunk with wine :
Well may the church wage unsuccessful war

* Bene't College, Cambridge.

With such artill'ry arm'd. Vice parries wide
Th' undreaded volley with a sword of straw,
And stands an impudent and fearless mark.

Have we not track'd the felon home, and found
His birth-place and his dam? The country mourns,
Mourns because ev'ry plague, that can infest
Society, and that saps and worms the base
Of th' edifice, that policy has rais'd,
Swarms in all quarters: meets the eye, the ear,
And suffocates the breath at ev'ry turn.
Profusion breeds them; and the cause itself
Of that calamitous mischief has been found:
Found too where most offensive, in the skirts
Of the rob'd pedagogue! Else let th' arraign'd
Stand up unconscious, and refute the charge.
So when the Jewish leader stretch'd his arm,
And wav'd his rod divine, a race obscene,
Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Egypt: gardens, fields, and plains,
Were cover'd with the pest; the streets were fill'd;
The croaking nuisance lurk'd in every nook;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scap'd;
And the land stank — so num'rous was the fry.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

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